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## THEO-JINGO-MACHIA.

"Ye cannot serve God and Jingo."

LIVERPOOL, SOUTHWARK, 1880.

MUSE, if on heights divine thou lingerest still,  
And leavest Helicon for Primrose Hill,  
If even yet thy spirit fail to choke  
Where Mammon's altars reek with British  
smoke,  
Thy wings unsoiled, thy genius all unhurt,  
By London's wilful and determined dirt, —  
Still hover round the head of one who fain  
Would woo thee in despite of greed and gain,  
And in his worldly dreams can still aspire  
To catch some spark of Polyhymnia's fire.

Thou, who hast sung how mice encountered  
frogs,  
May'st yet look down through February fogs  
(More choice in taste and smell than e'er before  
Enwrapped Britannia's shop-infested shore),  
Upon the undying strife that keeps alive  
The lofty name of the Conservative.  
Sing, then, my muse, how in the quest of  
fame

The hosts of Jingo to the battle came,  
And voted in a mass compact and fair,  
For everything their chiefs agreed to swear,  
With varied cat-calls whipping in the mass,  
From Peace and Honor up to Beer and Bass;  
And, if they only won, cared not a jot  
Whether their chiefs or they spoke truth, or  
not.

Truth! idle phantom of a dreamer's theme!  
Truth! rococo with that vanished dream!  
No more Eternity's preposterous rules  
Govern the enfranchised thought of modern  
schools;

No more the fabled soul should now aspire  
To heights aflame with purifying fire;  
No more should mortal, credulous and rash,  
Seek aught but notoriety and cash,  
Or think that anything can soar beyond  
The pride of Maple, Allenby, or Pond;  
No more should politician fear or doubt  
Upon the facts he knows no fact about, —  
Provided that the gallant Tory be  
The Briton's boast, — in the majority.

Ah! pause, and think; beyond the few score  
years  
Which bound the land of hopes, — the sea of  
fears,

The true majority, unheard, unseen,  
Await the living o'er the leap between;  
Nor all the mists of Positivist breath  
Can for a moment cloud the march of death.  
The glib philosopher, bold to deny  
The poor tradition of a Power on high,  
At five-and-twenty summoned hence to see  
Which is the greater truth, — the Power or he;  
The clever trickster playing for amaze,  
And tricking out man's fullest span of days,  
And wondering in the end that such a man  
Can by no trick prolong so small a span, —

Muse! hast thou left no master-chord to thrill  
These bastard spirits with thy beauty still,  
No voice to whisper to the dwindling earth  
The glorious secret of thy sacred birth?

We know not, oh, we know not! yet we know, —  
At least the few who, lingering below,  
Believe that yet the eternal laws of right  
Defy the changes of our day and night,  
And shall emerge from every mortal test  
Of every mortal aim the first and best, —  
We know that, patient, by the popular scorn,  
It may be, overmatched and overborne,  
Our puny hands may not avail to stay  
The circus-march of spangles for a day,  
Our feeble voice be powerless to drown  
The yell that calls vulgarity renown,  
And all our strength too weak to tear aside  
The nets too close for truth when Lawrence  
died.

We know all this; but still our faith renew,  
Steer by the pole-star steady to the few;  
We will not swell the chorus of applause,  
Make man the greater for God's broken laws,  
Cheer on the angry nations in their jars,  
And glean for glory in ignoble wars,  
O'erride the weak, and, for our courage praised,  
Quake at the bug-Bear that ourselves have  
raised;

We will not stain with dust our father's shield,  
Or shout for Jingo or for Beaconsfield.

Spectator

H. M.

## LAID BY.

LAID by in my silent chamber  
I hear them stirring below;  
Voices I love are sounding clear  
And steps I know are in mine ear,  
Still passing to and fro.  
And I ask my heart, Shall I never more  
Of mine own will pass through that door?

I ask, Oh! is it forever  
That I have ceased to be  
One of the group around the hearth,  
Sharing their sorrow or their mirth?  
Am I from henceforth free  
From all concern with the things of life,  
Done with its sorrow, and toil, and strife?

Shall they carry me forth in silence,  
With blind and sealed-up eyes?  
Shall they throw the windows wide to the air  
And gather mementoes here and there,  
As they think, with tears and sighs,  
"This she was fond of, — this she wore,  
But she never shall need them any more."

A. M. MUNSTER.

From The Quarterly Review.  
BISHOP WILBERFORCE.\*

OF certain ecclesiastics in every age it may be declared with truth that to write their lives adequately would be to write the ecclesiastical history of the times in which they lived. Churchmen of a generation which is already fast dying out will bear witness that had the life been written of Hugh James Rose (1797-1839), it would have been nothing else but the history of the beginning of that great revival in the English Church, which the Hon. Thomas Grenville characterized as by far the most remarkable phenomenon which he had witnessed throughout his long career. With equal truth may it be declared that the subsequent history of the same great movement would be most intelligibly written by one who should construct an adequate biography of Samuel Wilberforce. But in the case of this last — with far less of learning and intellectual power — there concurred certain personal gifts of an altogether unique order. No Churchman within living memory — scarcely an Englishman — has enjoyed a larger share of personal celebrity than he. It would be easy to recall the names of men who eclipsed him by their achievements or by the brilliancy of their writings. But it remains a fact notwithstanding that as a public man Samuel Wilberforce, by the general suffrage of English society, was without a peer. During the last twenty years of his episcopate it was observed that no name more readily rose to the surface of conversation than *his*. Every one at a party had some characteristic story to tell concerning *him*: had been brought, in one way or other, into personal contact with him. It was impossible to resist the conviction that he was a man universally admired as well as universally known. Every one present at least had heard "the Bishop of Oxford" preach, and had formed his opinion concerning the

preacher. *Who* that had ever really come within the fascination of his personal influence failed to speak of him with a kind of admiration which bordered on enthusiasm?

His birth (in 1805) and his parentage have been often set before the public, and the peculiar atmosphere of religious thought in which his youthful character was formed has long since become a matter of history. But his biographer seems not to have been aware that, in conformity with those same family traditions, one of the preceptors, to whose care the elder Wilberforce entrusted his son while quite a boy, was the well-known "Fry of Emberton," who (marvellous to relate) was looked upon as a kind of apostle by the Clapham sect, and received into his rectory a limited number of sons of "Evangelical" parents. Among the number, it should be premised, was a lad of Hebrew extraction. A characteristic incident is still remembered of the Samuel Wilberforce of those early days. The scene of the boys' studies was a spacious apartment at the top of the house, where they were careful to relieve the tedium of acquiring the Latin language by giving free vent to their animal spirits, and occasionally making a tremendous noise. On one occasion, the disturbance overhead having become insufferable, old Fry (after repeated ineffectual warnings from below) rushed up-stairs, cane in hand, kicked open the study door, and proceeded to wreak his wrath indiscriminately on the first offender he should meet. "Sam," quick as lightning, caught the youthful Israelite by the collar, slewed him round to receive, *a tergo*, the blow which must else have fallen to his own share, and pleaded, "First the Jew, sir, — then the Gentile."

His brief but honorable career at Oriel (1823-1827) brought him into contact as a junior with a set of remarkable men, some of whom, for good or for evil, were destined to make an indelible impress on the Church of England at a turning-point of her history. His rooms were those on the ground-floor in the south-western corner of the quadrangle — rooms which were identified by himself in conversa-

\* *Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Winchester, with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence.* By A. R. Ashwell, M.A., late Canon of the Cathedral, and Principal of the Theological College, Chichester. In three volumes. Vol. I. London, 1880.

tion more than forty years afterwards by the fact that the coal-hole was (and is) under the floor of the sitting-room. He had asked a friend, whose house he made his headquarters when Bishop of Winchester (Canon Bridges, of Beddington, also an Oriel man), to indicate to him, if he could, *which* rooms were occupied by his son. When Bridges, after conducting him in thought to the locality above indicated, at last reached the trap-door over the coal-hole, "Those were *my* rooms!" cried the bishop, grasping his friend's arm, and swaying it backward and forward, as his manner was: "*Those were my rooms!*"

In 1828 he was united to Emily Sargent, through failure of issue in whose two brothers the Lavington property eventually came to his family. Shortly before the melancholy accident which occasioned his own death in 1873, being on a visit in the neighborhood of Marden (where the elder Wilberforce had once resided), it was arranged that the bishop should take a ride through the park with the daughter of his host next morning before breakfast. (He loved beyond all things an outing before breakfast, if it were but a scamper round the garden.) "We were sitting apart" (writes the friend who furnishes the incident), "when Wilberforce suddenly said to me, in his quiet tone, 'I met her *there* for the first time. She was thirteen, and I was fifteen, and we never changed our minds.'"

He made the first proof of his ministry at Checkendon, a quiet little country village near Henley-on-Thames, to the sole charge of which he was ordained in December 1828. Thence, at the end of sixteen months, he was transferred by Bishop Sumner of Winchester, his faithful friend and patron, to Brighthelm, in the Isle of Wight. It was at Brighthelm that he matured those powers and acquired those administrative habits for which he became afterwards so conspicuous; easily achieving for himself the foremost place among the clergy of the little island. But he was constantly in society, and much absent from his parish; being found now at Farnham, now at Winchester, now in London, now at Ox-

ford. It appears from his "Diary" that he was away for a full third of the year 1838. He had in fact already acquired an extraordinary reputation as a preacher and public speaker, and his powers were largely in request. At Winchester, in 1837, —

A great county meeting was held for the purpose of setting on foot a Diocesan Church Building Society, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair. Lord Palmerston was among the speakers; and in the course of his speech he took a line which Mr. S. Wilberforce considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship. The consequence was that he attacked Lord Palmerston's remarks with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, but, at the same time, with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that on looking again at the speaker he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and, "I assure you," he added, "that I would have faced a battery sooner" (pp. 107-8).

Of the opportunities of access to London society which his frequent visits to Winchester House presented, Wilberforce freely availed himself. He even cultivated the friendship of men of a religious school alien alike to that to which he was drawn by force of early habit and the strength of family traditions, and to *that* within the sphere of whose influence his education at Oriel had inevitably brought him. The names of Maurice, Carlyle, Bunsen, recur constantly in his diary at this time. But he never identified himself with any school of religious thought, though he *ouched* them all, and evinced sympathies with each in turn. Towards Maurice and his party he never, in fact, had more than an intellectual leaning. From the phraseology and many of the conventionalities of "Evangelicalism," on the contrary, he never to the last hour of his life was able to shake himself entirely free. But his relation to the Oxford school was altogether peculiar. With undiminished reverence for the personal holiness of certain of its leaders, but with his eyes wide open to their be-



setting faults, he instinctively assimilated whatever in it he recognized as catholic and true: while—unlike his brothers, Henry and Robert—whatever in it had a Romeward leaning he rejected from the first with unqualified abhorrence. He was greatly scandalized by the refusal of the leaders of the party to assist in the Martyrs' Memorial, which in consequence became a standing protest against the un-Anglican character which in the end was impressed upon the Oxford teaching. There is, indeed, no feature of the present biography more truly instructive than so much of Wilberforce's private correspondence and public utterances as relate to the remarkable movement which culminated in Mr. Newman's apostasy and the discreditable "Ideal" of the Rev. W. G. Ward. Should it not in fairness be added that, in common with all other faithful men of the last generation, Samuel Wilberforce was probably indebted, to a greater extent than he was himself aware, to the religious atmosphere of Oxford during the memorable years of his undergraduateship?

To the same period of his life belongs his joint authorship with his brother Robert of the biography of the elder Wilberforce. This was succeeded by his history of the Church in America, and many lesser efforts—reviews, charges, sermons. He had already been appointed archdeacon of Surrey and canon of Winchester, and was now (1840) nominated one of Prince Albert's chaplains. In 1841 he was promoted to the important rectory of Alverstoke. He preached frequently before the queen, and was acceptable at court. All this brought him within a charmed circle; and the traits of character which he sometimes jots down in passing are of exceeding interest. With two short notices of Lord Melbourne, and a lifelike sketch of Sir Robert Peel (July 5th, 1847), we shall hasten forward.

All went on most pleasantly at the castle: my reception and treatment throughout exceedingly kind. [Jan. 8, 1842.] The queen and the prince were both at church, as also was Lord Melbourne, who paid his first visit at the same time. The queen's meeting with

him was very interesting. The exceeding pleasure which lighted up her countenance was quite touching. His behavior to her was perfect. The fullest attentive deference of the subject with a subdued air of "your father's friend" that was quite fascinating (p. 211).

Dec. 25 [1845].—In bed again all day. All doing well. Many letters, etc. Copeland again full of anecdote. "I had been attending Lord Melbourne for six weeks three times a day when minister. No one ever more mistaken. The most anxious, painstaking man in the world. Worked all day in his bedroom with secretaries, etc., that he might be able to send bores away with,—'My lord has not yet got out of his bedroom'" (p. 326).

I got back to London on Wednesday evening, coming up in a state carriage with Bunsen, Sir R. and Lady Peel, and Count Waldeemar. Had a very curious observation of Sir R. Peel. He was reading the *Quarterly*, and soon settled into Croker's bitter attack upon him, peeping into its uncut leaves with intense interest, and yet not liking to show that interest by cutting; and so, when Madame Bunsen, who saw nothing of what was going on, offered a paper-cutter, courteously declining it and lapsing into an article on Pantagruelism, to fall again into the old article and peep again into the uncut leaves as soon as all was quiet (p. 398).

The sun of his wedded happiness set in this same year (March 10th, 1841), and the event closed what he always spoke of as the happiest period of his life. "Agathos," "The Rocky Island," and other "Sunday Stories," which have since made his name popular in every nursery, belonged to that period, having been in the first instance told to his children as they sat on his knee by the Sunday-evening fireside. We look in vain throughout the present biography for anything which more conciliates our personal regard than the many faithful references to this admirable woman, which are scattered up and down his letters and diaries. On his introduction to the atmosphere of the court, his prevailing sentiment was that he had not *her* to whom, on his return home, he might describe the fascination of the scene. "Yes" (he wrote to his sister in 1844),—

I quite know all those spring feelings. It is the hardest time of all the year. SHE loved it so. She opened in it like some sweet flower.

Always was I looking forward to it. Now I never look on to it. It seems so indifferent what it is; all the short halting-places in life are swept away. . . . It is most sad going home. If I went home to her, it was beyond all words. If I went home *with* her, I got apart to see her meet her children. And now — but I ought not to sadden you (p. 236).

He got back to Lavington after several long and exciting weeks in London on June 11th, which happened to be the anniversary of his wedding-day. On the 12th he wrote to his sister: —

Oh, what a picture it was of life, coming *here* as I came yesterday instead of *that* day here which seemed to give me life in possession. I spent much time alone yesterday night, after all were gone in, in that churchyard, and came home quite quiet. Life here is so unlike my life anywhere else. I was up alone on the hillside between six and seven this morning, and anything more lovely you cannot conceive. The slanting sun was throwing its brightness from behind me on the glorious prospect, far up into Surrey, Albury, the Hog's-back, Leith Hill, etc., etc., and all very distant country looks so beautiful: a sort of delectable-mountain feeling hangs about it. I suppose it is the secret instinct after the land which is very far away which then stirs within one (p. 239).

At the end of fourteen months: —

I am again in the blessed quietness of this holy place. It always seems to be another life which I have here. Being so separated from all my usual full occupation, it has, even without its associations, a sort of Paradise feeling, and when I was yesterday standing over that grave, with my dear Herbert clinging fondly to me, it seemed as if I was in another world (p. 267).

And all this did not wear out with him.

Always on returning to Lavington, the first thing was to visit the churchyard and to lay flowers on her grave; and after his last visit thither, on May 31, 1873, so near to his own departure, he wrote to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. G. Wilberforce, describing the occasion as "one never to be forgotten. God's world in its beauty animate and inanimate around me; the nightingales singing his praises; and all seems to rejoice before him. My dead seemed so near to me in my solitude: each one following another and speaking calm and hope to me, and reunion when he will" (p. 180).

He made the best use of his bereavement, as many a letter, many an affecting entry in his diary (pp. 180-191) shows; and it is certain that the blow left a lifelong impress on his character. Scarcely right does it seem that the man in his agony should be so completely discovered

as he is here to the vulgar gaze. And yet what would the "Life" be worth which should suppress such details? His prevailing conviction was that he had received a call to come out of the world — "a call to a different mode of life," "a more severe, separate, self-mortifying course." "The great object" (he wrote) "which I desire to gain from this affliction is a maintained communion with God." And, "Oh, if all this should pass away, and leave me no nearer to God, *i.e.* *more* worldly!" If, at the end of the first year of his episcopate (November 30th, 1846), he wrote as follows, who with a human heart can withhold a pang of sympathy at the concluding words?

I have taken some time for prayer and meditation to-day, looking through my former life, reading my former entries. How wonderfully fresh it all is still. How perpetually is *SHE* before me! In business, in society, when I seem full of other things, how there is a constant *under-base* ringing secretly in my ears! Yet, how little have I learned of all this sorrow should have taught me (p. 183).

His five years' incumbency of Alverstoke was eminently fruitful in results, both to the parish and to himself. He built three new churches and two new parochial schools, and succeeded in thoroughly stirring up the inner life of a populous and most important district. His sermons there are said to have been the best he ever produced; and it may well be true, for there is a reality in sermons prepared for a congregation which a man knows and addresses habitually, which must needs be wanting in discourses prepared (by a bishop, for example) for promiscuous gatherings of people between whom and himself there exists no personal tie. He had, moreover, gone through the furnace of severe affliction; which more than anything else imparts something of pathetic earnestness and fervor to what is delivered from the pulpit. But the offer of the deanery of Westminster in the beginning of 1845, and his elevation to the episcopate at the close of the same year, brought what may be called the first period of his life to a close. At the age of forty, — having successively filled the offices of assistant curate, of incumbent, of rural dean, of canon, of archdeacon, of royal chaplain, and finally of dean, — he succeeded Dr. Bagot in the bishopric of Oxford at one of the most trying moments in the history of the English Church. The year 1845 was, in fact, the crisis of the Tractarian movement. Thus was he suddenly trans-

lated to a new sphere, to new duties and greatly enlarged responsibilities; and to these he forthwith addressed himself with the energy which was habitual to him.

He found the diocese in a very backward state. It had consisted of the single county of Oxford till 1836, when Berks was withdrawn from the diocese of Salisbury and added to that of Oxford. In his time it was enlarged to its actual dimensions, consisting of the three counties of Oxford, Berks, and Bucks. During the five-and-twenty years immediately preceding his consecration (1820 to 1845) only twenty-two new churches had been built in those three counties, four rebuilt, eight restored or enlarged. In the four-and-twenty years of his episcopate the corresponding totals are: one hundred and six new churches; churches rebuilt, fifteen; churches restored, two hundred and fifty. He found the livings in the gift of the bishop small in number and in value, being but seventeen in all. He left them one hundred and three, which included most of the important *town* livings, and with increased endowments. But there was a vast deal of work to be done of a less showy kind. Cuddesdon Palace (so called) was very unfit to be an episcopal residence. It had wondrous little sleeping accommodation, — was without a private chapel, — had an alehouse in the garden. Wilberforce applied himself at once to the remedy of all such drawbacks; but he did more. He made his existence felt throughout his diocese; corresponded freely with the clergy; gathered his rural deans and diocesan school-inspectors round him; conferred with the territorial laity of his diocese; broke through the old method of conducting ordinations; put the rite of confirmations on an entirely new footing; caused it to be everywhere seen and felt that the old order of things had passed away, and that the Bishop of Oxford was inaugurating a new era in the history of the English episcopate. For two years he was in a high degree prosperous and popular. He had earned a brilliant reputation in the House of Lords, and had greatly distinguished himself on many public occasions. But with the months of November and December 1847 this state of things came to an end. The sky became suddenly overcast, and before the year was out the storm had burst upon him in all its fury.

On Monday, November 15, 1847, the country was electrified by an announcement in the *Times* newspaper that the

prime minister, Lord John Russell, had recommended Dr. Hampden to her Majesty for the bishopric of Hereford, vacated by the translation of Dr. Musgrave to the archbishopric of York. The excitement was instantaneous and universal. By his "Bampton Lectures" (1832), Hampden had given reasonable offence in the University of Oxford, which his "Observations on Religious Dissent" (1834) had but served to aggravate. Notwithstanding this, in 1836, Lord Melbourne, then prime minister, had appointed him regius professor of divinity. This called attention to his previous utterances, and men of all shades of opinion in the university at once combined against him in defence of the most sacred of causes. He was publicly censured in a crowded convocation by a majority of four hundred and seventy-four to ninety-four. A large proportion of the bishops also signified their disapprobation of Lord Melbourne's appointment, and the censure of the university received new emphasis in 1842, through the failure of a determined effort then made to set it aside. Lord John's selection of such an individual for the office of chief pastor in 1847 was therefore nothing else but a deliberate insult offered to the Church and to the university — not to say to the conscientious convictions of the whole body of the clergy and of the religious laity. The consequence was that the country was thrown into a ferment. Meetings were held; petitions poured in; the very newspapers denounced the appointment as improper. The *Times*, then a steady supporter of the government, in a leading article, declared: "We cannot imagine on what principle or motive it has been adventured." In the end thirteen of the bishops (including Samuel Wilberforce) signed a remonstrance to Lord John Russell, who had also been separately addressed even more strongly in the same sense by Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Longley, Bishop of Ripon. All was well done so far. No charges had been brought against Hampden by the remonstrating bishops, no opinion expressed as to the justice of the imputations under which he labored, for *that* would have been to prejudice what might afterwards be the subject of judicial enquiry. They had but represented that the fact of the existence of such charges, and the very general and deep feeling which prevailed on the subject, constituted reason enough why a minister responsible for the exercise of the most

delicate of the functions of the royal prerogative, should pause in giving effect to the appointment of such an one as Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford.

Undeterred by Lord John's unfavorable reply, the Bishop of Oxford at once urged the minister in a long private letter to give Hampden (as he had given Prince Lee, Bishop of Manchester, before) the opportunity of clearing himself before a competent tribunal from the charges against him; representing that in this way the Church would be fully satisfied. But his well-meant endeavor failed utterly. It became daily more apparent that Wilberforce must of necessity be forced into the front rank of the coming conflict, the vicarage of Ewelme (which Hampden held as regius professor of divinity) being in the Oxford diocese; and calamitous for the Church and for him in the highest degree it was, that, from the accident of his position, so perilous a responsibility was thrust upon him. His temperament made him a peculiarly unfit person to stand in the breach at such a time. Truly, it was as if diabolical ingenuity had contrived the snare into which the versatility of his nature, not to say his very talents and virtues, were pretty sure to draw him headlong.

In the mean time theological articles had been drawn up in Oxford, and application was made to Wilberforce for "letters of request," referring the case to the Court of Arches. "It would not, in my judgment" (he replied), "be right for me to *promote* any suit against Dr. Hampden; but if such a suit were begun in the consistory court of this diocese I should at once transmit it." Ten days after (Dec. 15th) appeared Dr. Hampden's "Letter to Lord John Russell," containing (to Wilberforce's great disappointment) no request for a judicial investigation, but merely complaining of Tractarian persecution, and reiterating professions of his own orthodoxy. Next day Wilberforce signed the "letters of request," by which he gave his sanction to the commencement of a suit in the Arches Court, in which definite charges would be alleged against Dr. Hampden, and full opportunity given him to purge himself of all suspicion of false doctrine. And had the bishop stirred no further all might even yet have been well. But at this juncture he took a false, or rather he took a fatal step. He had signed the "letters of request" under pressure on the part of the promoters of the suit. No sooner had he done so than he induced them to consent to

the withdrawal of the "letters," if he could induce Hampden to give satisfactory assurances as to some of the points on which the language of the "Bampton Lectures" and the "Observations on Religious Dissent" were most disquieting. Accordingly, in an evil hour he addressed a letter to Dr. Hampden, formulating eleven heads of inquiry, and inviting the other "to avow his unhesitating acceptance of them," as well as to consent to withdraw the two publications which had given so much and such general offence.

It is hard to understand how so able a man could fail to perceive that by writing this letter he had completely shifted his ground, and therefore lost his footing. He had constituted himself at once Dr. Hampden's accuser and judge. That his intentions were the purest and the kindest, and that he was seeking for the peace of the Church; that his articles of inquiry were ably drawn, and that, if answered satisfactorily, they would probably have done much to disarm further opposition,—all this, however true, is beside the question. He entirely miscalculated his own powers of persuasion, as well as misunderstood the *animus* of his opponent. He forwarded a copy of his letter to Lord John, who sent him in reply a saucy comment on it. From Dr. Hampden himself, of course, he obtained no satisfaction. It would appear, therefore, that the suit must proceed. In the mean time the bishop heard, through the provost of Oriel, that the "Observations on Religious Dissent" were not being sold or circulated with Dr. Hampden's sanction, but against his wish. He also learned, but from a different source, that by suffering the "letters of request" to go forward, his own act would be far more judicial, and less simply ministerial, than he had supposed. He therefore withdrew them, but made an elaborate endeavor, through the provost of Oriel, to re-open negotiations with Dr. Hampden. The latter had long since astutely put himself into the hands of the lawyers, and would no longer give even the slender amount of satisfaction for which alone the bishop now pleaded. In fact he would make no answer at all. Finally (Dec. 28th), the Bishop of Oxford, at the close of a long letter to Dr. Hampden, wherein he recapitulated what had been his motives from the beginning, and the ground of each successive step which he had taken in the business, wrote concerning the "Bampton Lectures," as follows:—

I have now carefully studied them throughout, with the aid of those explanations of their meaning which you have furnished to the public since their first publication, and now in your private communications. The result of this examination, I am bound plainly to declare, is my own conviction that they do not justly warrant those suspicions of unsoundness to which they have given rise, and which, so long as I trusted to selected extracts, I myself shared. For these suspicions of your meaning, and for the consequent distrust of the University, I must with equal frankness say that I discern the cause (whilst your works remained unexplained and the minds of men unassured by your full profession of the faith) etc. . . . But, allowing for the blemishes of what was, I believe, a necessarily hasty composition, and taking into account, as I now can, your various explanations and assurances, I find in the "Lectures" little which will not admit of a favorable construction (pp. 486-7).

"The Hampden business" in this way certainly reached a singularly "lame and impotent conclusion." In the "Life" before us uncommon pains have been taken to set the transaction fairly and fully before the reader; and assuredly the materials for forming an accurate judgment on every chief actor in it are not wanting. One cannot affect surprise, when it is remembered that the principal letters appeared in the newspapers of the day, that calamity and misrepresentation were successful in blackening the character of the Bishop of Oxford; yet no one acquainted with the whole business will pretend to fasten a stain on his integrity in consequence of any act or saying of his from first to last. He was rash, impetuous, unguarded; over-trustful, over-sanguine, over-generous; showed himself vacillating and "infirm of purpose;" unduly self-relying, and displaying a marvellous absence of judicial discretion. All this, and more, may be said of Wilberforce in respect of "the Hampden business;" but at least his *honesty of purpose and simplicity of intention cannot be overlooked*; his integrity and perfect good faith *cannot be impeached*. The one person who comes out of the strife with an ugly stain upon his shield, which will never be obliterated, was the *Liberal* prime minister of the day, Lord John Russell. In singling out industriously from the entire body of the clergy a man under suspicion of heresy and laboring under the gravest censure, in order to make that man a bishop, he was guilty of a flagitious abuse of the prerogative of his office, and, as chief adviser of the queen, showed an unpatriotic disregard

for the welfare of her crown in a very delicate and important particular touching the royal supremacy. He afforded a short-lived triumph to the enemies of religion and of the Church, no doubt; but his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford was acceptable to none besides. For twenty-one years an important diocese was paralyzed by the heavy incubus of his choice; and it will be remembered against him in history that in two of his appointments to important sees he selected men who were plainly bound in the first instance to clear themselves from disqualifying charges before a judicial tribunal.\* With the year 1847 the first volume of the "Life of Wilberforce" comes to a close. He who shall take up the broken threads, and weave the story of the years which follow, will be perplexed by no more such episodes in a career otherwise brilliant and successful beyond compare.

Should it ever come to be inquired hereafter, wherein does Wilberforce's claim to the Church's gratitude chiefly consist, the answer ought not to be far to seek. He imparted a new character to the work of an English bishop—left on the entire episcopate the abiding impress of his own earnest spirit and extraordinary genius. The popular notion of episcopacy before his time was connected above all things with images of dignified leisure and serene isolation. On the contrary, ever since Samuel Wilberforce was appointed to the see of Oxford, it has been the practice to exact of our chief pastors incessant labor, ubiquitous exertion, the utmost publicity. Wilberforce set before himself the necessity of restoring the efficiency of the ancient mechanism of his diocese. Thus his rural deans were not only taught to hold chapters and to submit for discussion questions of the day to the clergy of their respective deaneries, reporting the result to the bishop; but they were periodically invited to Cuddesdon for deliberation with their chief. In this way were first set on foot those many diocesan associations which under his able guidance were in the end brought to a state of the highest efficiency. Endless were the schemes he originated for stimulating the religious life of his diocese, as by local conferences, by gatherings of clergy and laity,

\* Which gave occasion to the epigram:—

"Lord John had bishops to provide  
And chose—two precious Turks:  
One bishop for his *faith* was tried;  
The other, for his *works*."



by public meetings locally held for Church purposes, and later on by "missions;" which, as he conducted them, were without those un-English characteristics which it has since been the endeavor of a party within the Church to fasten upon them. He devoted nine or ten days each Lent to some country town in his diocese; and throughout that time zealously assisted by the local clergy (for all surrounding villages were comprehended in the scheme), he arranged a series of services and sermons for the entire district; while at headquarters, by daily addresses, frequent communions, and a stirring evening sermon assigned to some conspicuous preacher, he endeavored effectually to break the crust of formalism, and to rouse the slumbering spiritual life of the many thousands whom he despaired of ever reaching in any other way. He certainly gathered round himself on such occasions a rare amount of earnestness and ability; and although it might be difficult afterwards to gauge the exact amount of good achieved, or to define precisely its character, there can be no doubt that the effect produced *was* considerable, and the result an almost unmingled gain. To overlook the fact that a great effort was being made and with the purest of intentions, was at least impossible. The sight of a considerable body of clergy, with their bishop at their head, engaged in a spiritual crusade, could not but favorably impress alike the friends and the foes of religion; while it is hard to believe that the opening and the concluding services and sermons, to say nothing of the daily addresses, failed to produce an abiding impression in many quarters. The clergy who took part in these efforts will not easily forget the gatherings which concluded each day, at which the bishop was generally present (*he ought never to have been away*); and at which the conversation was often truly helpful, and always interesting in a high degree. It turned of course invariably on the business in hand, and the remarks of the chief pastor on such occasions were conceived in his happiest and worthiest manner, serious, original, practical, and steeped in that fervent piety which was habitual with him when he spoke most naturally.

Wilberforce, too, it was who set the example at St. Mary's in Oxford of organizing those Lenten courses of sermons by the most eminent preachers of the day, which have since grown everywhere into an institution. And yet the same concentration of power which was there

exhibited is no longer *possible*, for the simple reason that men of the calibre Wilberforce succeeded in bringing together are now themselves the fixed centres of other circles, and therefore no longer available. He *always* introduced the course in person. And the pattern of ungrudging self-sacrifice which he thus set to his clergy enabled him to require of them in turn greater ministerial activity within their respective cures; so that what had been a singularly neglected diocese became in the end a pattern of earnest and efficient administration.

I recollect [said one who is now almost, if not quite, the senior member of the University], I recollect when a bishop of Oxford never drove into Oxford without four horses and two powdered footmen; and what does Sam do? He gets upon a horse and rides in by himself, without so much as a groom behind him! I met him myself to-day (p. 353).

Such was indeed his habit; and many an interesting story could once have been repeated of the advantage which his skill in riding gave him; as in galloping across the Berkshire downs in order to clear up some local broil, or showing himself unexpectedly in some remote part of his diocese; the clue to his sudden apparition being that he was on a visit ten miles off, and had resolved to utilize the afternoon in this particular way. An absurd incident presents itself, which shall be related in the words of the friend who supplies it:—

Wilberforce on a certain occasion met me on my way to college, and put a sovereign into my hands, requesting me to pay it for him into the Old Bank, to the S. P. G. account. I promised to obey as soon as I had finished a letter. But at a few minutes to four in comes a gossiping friend. "I am afraid I must ask you to excuse me, I want to go to the bank." "What for?" "To pay in this sovereign—" (showing it) "which the Bishop of Oxford made me promise just now to pay in for him." "*That's my sovereign!*" shouted the other, making an ineffectual attempt to recover it; and he related how the bishop had met him riding over Shotover Hill and *taken it from him by force* an hour or two before. It was obvious to get the bishop to explain, which he did with infinite zest. "O you shall hear! I overtook —" (naming the uncle of a neighboring magnate) "out of whom, as you know, I never can get anything, and discovered that he was riding into Oxford with a bag of gold which he wanted to deposit at the bank. I caught him by the collar, and insisted on his giving me a pound. He begged very hard, but I told him I would not let him off. So, after a deal of grumbling and protesting, he

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produced a sovereign, in order to be released." Wilberforce's amusement on being told the sequel of the story—the recognition "*of my sovereign*" just as it disappeared from sight forever—may be imagined.

Pre-eminently successful was the method which he observed in respect of his ordinations. The days at Cuddesdon were days which candidates for the ministry found it impossible ever to forget, or rather which they learned to look back upon ever after with gratitude and secret joy. The examination was felt to be in every sense a reality. The candidates (domiciled under the bishop's roof, or in the college opposite, or at the vicarage), singly as well as collectively, were brought daily within the sphere of the bishop's influence; and in the private chapel of the palace, besides listening every day to a short address, they received on the eve of their ordination a charge which for persuasiveness and power certainly seemed far superior to anything of the kind they were invited to listen to in after years. The questions were never printed, but delivered orally by the bishop to the assembled candidates; the answer to the last being treated as private, namely, "What have you discovered to be the chief drawback and hindrance to your ministry?" (or words to that effect). This was addressed to the candidates for priesthood. The consequence might be divined. At the private interview the bishop showed himself really acquainted with the man before him; and blending the language of affection with the dignity of his office, contrived to establish a permanent relation between himself and the candidate which might easily ripen afterwards into friendship, but could not possibly be forgotten or ignored. He wisely held his ordinations in turn, in all the larger towns of his diocese, whereby the *reality* of the ordinance was set before the eyes of the common people, who were made to feel that the gift conveyed must needs be some real thing. To every candidate, before the imposition of his hands, he presented a copy of the Holy Scriptures, with a short inscription on the fly-leaf. How highly that trifling gift was prized by the recipient there is no need surely to declare. Many of his practices have become general since; but they were unique *then*. Perhaps the following outline from the bishop's pen of what had been the practice in the Oxford diocese before his own time will best show the extent of the Church's obligations to Samuel Wilberforce:—

The Ordination has hitherto been conducted thus: The Archdeacon of Oxford (Archdn. Clerke) managed all about it, and examined the candidates in his rooms, as a student of Christ Church, and settled who was and who was not to be ordained. The Bp. came on the Saturday to Oxford, gave a Charge to the candidates, and next day proceeded to ordain in the cathedral (pp. 322-3).

Above all, in his manner of bestowing the gift of confirmation was Bishop Wilberforce felicitous. The remark must be repeated that men have grown so used to his method since (for it has been freely reproduced in other dioceses), that they lose sight of the purely perfunctory method of administering the sacred rite which would appear to have universally prevailed in the first quarter of the present century; when hurriedly to lay hands on row after row of children kneeling round the communion rails, and at each relay of candidates to pronounce the words of blessing once for all, was regarded as the sum of the bishop's function. Wilberforce used to commence the rite with a short, earnest, affectionate address, during which the candidates were requested to stand, while the rest of the congregation sat. And how skilfully would he then adapt what he had to say to the circumstances of the locality and of the people! At Eton, before the assembled school—at St. James's, Piccadilly, where most of the candidates were young ladies—in a densely populated town parish—or again in a sparse agricultural district—it was marvellous how diverse was the manner as well as the matter of his address. It was impossible even for a casual looker-on not to be impressed with the belief that a turning-point in the life of each one before him had been reached; and that the chief pastor's one object was to bring home this conviction to the hearts of all his hearers. Accordingly well-chosen words of sympathy and of counsel, of encouragement and of exhortation, were set off with images derived from familiar sights. Amid the Berkshire downs, in order to explain that *forgotten* is not *forgiven* sin, he reminded the lads how their footprints in yesterday's snow were all still there, although the slight snowfall of last night had effectually hidden them from view. Noticing, on another occasion, near the entrance of a village a tree in full leaf lying across the road (it had been slowly undermined by a streamlet which, having by degrees washed away the earth, had at last disengaged one by one the stones

which had for years kept it upright, and a sudden gale of wind yesterday evening had done the rest), he employed the image (with which all present were familiar) to illustrate the history of many a calamitous fall. There is no telling how persuasively such parables were put, and how convincingly they appeared as arguments. A brief period of silence was maintained in the Church for the purpose of invoking a blessing on those who were about to be confirmed; and when all was ended, a second address—a kind of parting charge—was delivered to the candidates. It would be hard to say whether it was the solemn pathos of the rite or the exquisite tenderness of the chief functionary which was chiefly conspicuous on such occasions. But lookers-on were melted to tears, and those who were proof against such outward signs of emotion freely owned that they had never seen anything of the sort so admirably done before. A passage from the "Life of Wilberforce" claims insertion here:—

No description can convey any adequate conception of the impressiveness of the whole rite as he administered it. Sympathy with the young was a marked feature in his character, and he felt intensely the possibilities for good which were before the young people presented to him. Then, it was one of Bishop Wilberforce's peculiar gifts that when he did thus realize anything very deeply, his whole bearing, voice and gesture, eye and countenance, were, if such an expression may be permitted, transfigured by the thought of feeling which possessed him; so that the living man as he stood before you was, almost without words, the expression of that feeling. When, in addition to all this, his power of language is remembered, the energy and deep feeling which was apparent in every sentence and every tone, together with his charm of voice and special fertility and variety of phrase, no one will be surprised at the prodigious impression which his confirmations always made alike upon the young and upon the old. The addresses were not prepared; or perhaps it would be more correct to say they were not written, at least not after the first few years of his episcopate. The preparation was rather of himself than of that which he was about to utter, and was usually that which preceded many of his most effective sermons—namely, a few minutes of very deep attention, concentrated upon one or two master thoughts. Then, with these thoughts in full possession of his mind, the fitting word-vesture seemed to follow as matter of course: words and sentences flowing on and on, and adapting themselves to the specialities of the audience and the locality, as the curves of a river follow the contour of the country through which it flows (pp. 392, 393).

Especially interesting is it after the

eloquent passage which precedes, to hear the bishop's own account of the matter.

There is so much of deep interest in a confirmation, that it takes a great deal out of one. The *present* interest is intense: the single opportunity of making, if God will, a dint in a character; the gathering in, if they have been watched over and prayed for, the fruit of past weeks; the raising them to something quite new, if they have been neglected: then all the old interest of Brighstone and Alverstoke wakes up. I remember the deep anxiety with which I presented one and another, the fear, the doubt, the trembling hope, the joy with which I saw one and another come forward, and the after fulfilment or disappointment; and then our bishop's visits were so hailed by *her*, and she was so beautiful as the reserve which had always gathered melted under his coming and his kindness (p. 402).

Before passing on, one cannot help recalling certain characteristic features of the bishop's method on such occasions, which used forcibly to impress the incumbent of the place where he was going to confirm. "Tell me" (he would whisper, drawing you aside into a corner) "what you wish me to say to them." You told him who and what they all were, explained the trouble you had had to persuade certain of them to come at all, begged him to speak words of encouragement or of warning to certain of the younger ones whom you promised to indicate to him, words of praise to some of the aged sort. And O how entirely as well as readily he caught the spirit of your few hasty words, and electrified each set in turn as he singled them out for notice! . . . The Oxford workhouse on one occasion supplied its contingent of pauper candidates—old men and women. The bishop, on spying them out (for he had been requested to say a few words specially to *them*), enlarged on the vices of the denizens of a workhouse with such mastery of the subject—showed himself so thoroughly at home with their habits and mode of life—that one of the party was heard to say, "I'll tell you *what*; that man knows a *little too much* about it!" In a neglected agricultural district, if he noticed in any one of the candidates unbecoming levity of manner, he would single out such an one, and make an example of him or her before the rest. The way he did this was inimitable, the effect was astonishing. It *made* the rite a great success, even if the fate of the day had before seemed trembling in the balance.

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uel Wilberforce to the Church's gratitude. It remains to point out that, with regard to CONVOCATION, the Church is indebted to him more than to any other man for having restored it to life and usefulness after its lethargic slumber of more than a century. It was *his* resolute hand that opened those long-closed doors. And since then, it was *his* tact, *his* sagacity, *his* energy, that recovered for Convocation, one by one, its ancient privileges. Let it suffice to have touched thus briefly on a very large subject.

Those only who were admitted to the bishop's confidence—or, at least, had often seen him in private—are qualified to speak of his actual character. He had a facility alike in assuming and in throwing off the burdens of his office and station which might easily mislead. To see him at his own table, for instance, surrounded by twenty or thirty guests, and still more to *hear* him, a stranger might have gone away and remembered him only as a brilliant talker, a delightful companion; and straightway jumped to the conclusion that it was for his "convivial qualities" that the Bishop of Oxford was chiefly conspicuous. No one who really knew him, even a little, could make so complete a mistake. But it may be readily granted that the bishop was at no pains to put the rank and file of his acquaintance on the right scent. He was the best of table-talkers. At dinner, he would partake freely of the good things before him. His vivacity increased as the entertainment proceeded. He had an endless flow of anecdote. His power of repartee was marvellous. When he was *sure* of his company, he would not only be confidential but unguarded to a degree. It may be questioned if any who knew and loved him did not take the more care of him *because* he was so careless of himself. But to return to the dinner. His habit at his own table (by the way, he always sat *in the middle* of it) was to gather in front of him, and at his right and left, the choicest spirits present, and to station one of his lieutenants at either extremity of the hospitable board, with an injunction to them to keep the company at that end entertained. The hilarity of those gatherings was sometimes extraordinary, and the almost *boyish* spirits with which the bishop would throw himself into the topic of the moment, as already hinted, was pretty sure to mislead a superficial observer.

But how had he been occupied for the eight or ten hours before dinner? Let

us try to recall. Prayers in the private chapel of the palace ended,—there had been breakfast, a social and a cheerful meal: although the formidable pile of letters of all shapes and sizes at the bishop's side (sure harbingers of a busy and anxious day) kept him tolerably occupied—sometimes thoughtful—all breakfast-time. At ten he retired to his library, requesting his archdeacons, chaplains, and clergy, to follow him speedily: so that long before eleven they had plunged *in medias res*—the business (whatever it was) which had brought them all up to Cuddesdon. At the end of two or three hours of application most of those present had slipped away for luncheon, and again returned to sit in conclave. Wilberforce alone could never be persuaded to stir. A friend once *brought* him a biscuit and a glass of sherry. He thanked the other for his zeal, laughing, but was inexorable. He "never did," and was "better without it." The long summer afternoon wore away, and the room at last grew oppressively close. At five o'clock, nods and winks indicative of exhaustion were freely interchanged: but no one moved—the chief personage having as yet shown no signs of fatigue. At length the clock struck six: and "I say" (exclaimed some bold spirit), "I have got the cramp and must go for a walk." The standard of rebellion once set up, the room began to clear. "Well, then" (the bishop would say), "we had better break off, for I see some of you are getting tired." So satisfactory a recognition of a fact which was altogether undeniable produced a general rising of the faithful band which remained, and a pleasant vision floated before each one's eyes of a rush through the sweet evening air before having to dress for dinner. Vain dream! "My dear Randall, *you* are not leaving us, are you?" The good old man murmured something about "not minding stopping." This act of self-sacrifice was so gratefully acknowledged that it was quite impossible for "my dear Clerke," or "my dear Bickersteth," or "my dear Pott," or "my dear anything else" to decline,—as the bishop challenged the party severally to do him the favor to stay and help him with his post. In this way he secured the services of about a dozen white negroes, whom he overwhelmed with thanks and blotting-paper,—seating them round the long table which was covered with writing-instruments, and at which he had already taken his seat. "Now, then, are you ready?"

(throwing a letter across to "my dear Woodford"). "Begin, 'My dear Sir,' and sign it 'yours truly.' Say, 'I shall be glad to confirm at your Church on the day and at the hour you propose. I trust your wife is by this time restored to health.' Thank you!" "Will you" (turning to the man on his left and handing him a letter) "explain to him that I cannot possibly sanction what would be a grave irregularity, but that," etc., etc. "Begin, 'Dear Mr. So-and-so,' and end 'very faithfully yours.' Thank you, my dear Pearson!" Then, turning with another letter to the man on his right, — "Tell him, please, that I have an engagement for the 17th which will hinder me doing what he wishes. But would another afternoon after the 17th and before the 20th suit him? Thank you, dear Leighton! Begin, 'My dear, (calling him by his surname), and sign it 'yours affectionately.'" To the next scribe, — "Begin, 'My dear Mrs.' (naming her), 'Yes, we all grow older. Thank you much for your photograph. I enclose you in return what you are so good as to ask for.'" To the next, — "Begin, 'Reverend Sir, I have read with surprise yours of the 13th, and can only refer you to the letter I sent you on the same subject a week ago.'" To the next, — "'Dear Sir, — The last sherry was excellent. I shall be glad if you will send me a further supply of precisely the same quality at the same price.'" . . . This went on till every pen at table was heard scratching; the bishop dashing off the more important notes with his own hand; only pausing at short intervals to glance over the work of his scribes, to sign his name, and to furnish the letter-writer with another job: every envelope as soon as finished being thrown into a basket. In this way perhaps forty, fifty, sixty letters were achieved, and the clock had already struck seven. All yawned — but one. He turned an imploring look to "my dear Randall." The letters had not yet been registered in the log-book. "O yes, I'll do it." And now, the contents of the basket being transferred to the post-bag, we were all again thanked and invited to dress for dinner, with the information that A B C D (gentry of the neighborhood), with wives and daughters, were coming, and that they had been invited for eight o'clock. Wilberforce had been hard at work for nine hours, and had still "a little thing which he *must* do before he could go to dress." He looked thoroughly fagged. On reappearing in the drawing-room, however,

a more entire contrast can hardly be imagined. He looked at least ten years younger. Every mark of thought and care had vanished from his brow. *Then came the dinner* — already referred to.

Dinner ended, after a few civilities to his guests, when he had sufficiently set things going in the drawing-room, he was to be seen in a corner on a sofa which exactly held two persons. He beckoned to you, — his forefinger being first extended horizontally, then pointed vertically to the vacant part of the sofa. Seated by his side, you were drawn closer and heard, — "All sorts of strange reports have reached me of the scrape which E. has got into. Pray *insense* me. You must know all about it." When you had done *insensing*, he would consult you as to what course it would be best for himself to pursue, ending with a request that you would send F. to him. F. accordingly occupied the seat you had just vacated; and you knew very well that the bishop was arranging with him about a meeting of clergy to be held next month at G. F. in turn was requested to pick out H., and send him to him. In this way not a little of the business of the diocese was helped forward a stage, while half the party were chatting about nothing in one drawing-room, the other half listening to music in the other.

His powers of work were truly surprising, and he would get through what he had to do under conditions which by most men would have been deemed fatal to serious effort. An amusing instance of this belongs to the last year of his archidiaconate, when, having been commanded to preach next day before the queen (the order did not reach him till after dinner), he was under the necessity of travelling, in November, through the Saturday night at the tail of a goods' train, crossing the Solent on the Sunday morning, in order to be in time to preach at Osborne, and of writing his sermon at intervals on the way: —

In after years Bishop Wilberforce was fond of telling the story of this Saturday night's journey, and of the inconvenience he experienced in writing his sermon for the morrow in a carriage attached to a train of trucks, which was continually stopping, and which had no buffers to break the shock of each stoppage. Far ahead at the other end of the train he could hear the *bump* of the first truck, and then of the next, and of the next, until, as it neared his own turn, the ink had to be secured from upsetting, and himself and his paraphernalia prepared for the constantly recurring jolt (p. 243).

Yet he not only achieved his sermon, but wrote a long letter to his adopted sister besides, which he finished on board the steamer. The most singular part of the matter, however, was that Wilberforce's *appetite* for work was so extraordinary. Several instances of this present themselves, one of which may stand as a sample for the rest.

A fortnight before the examination, it was his practice to direct candidates for priests' orders instantly to post and send him to Cuddesdon the *last two* sermons they had preached. The morning and afternoon homilies, delivered in an obscure Berkshire village on a certain Sunday in December 1849, were accordingly forwarded to headquarters by a nameless individual, not without trepidation. The first (on "The Day of Judgment") contained a considerable extract from "Pearson on the Creed." The second was unusually severe on the sin of stealing,—the squires, who was also the lady-bountiful of the village, having been just robbed of her ducks,—a loss which sorely exercised her woman's nature. It was not the creatures she cared for; but "to think of any one having the heart to come and steal from *me*!" Accordingly, without exactly mentioning the ducks, the preacher had made it perfectly plain what he was alluding to. The examination over, he was sent for into the bishop's library. "We find your papers the best we have had this time." The man began to breathe freely. "I have read both your sermons." (O good gracious! — *the ducks*!) "They are all very well; but I think a *prolonged extract from Pearson* is somewhat out of place—has a dry, formal sound—in a village sermon; and those remarks about stealing in the other sermon—I suppose they were occasioned by something which had recently occurred, eh?" It was but too plain that the bishop had spelled out every word. He showed the same powers of endurance in wading through the answers of his candidates, many of which he would discuss with them during the interview which followed, on the night previous to ordination. Every one who ever travelled with him will remember how he utilized a railway journey to write his letters. So overwhelmed was he with correspondence, that his favorite resource was on such occasions (it being well understood that the guard must always give him a carriage to himself) to get out his writing-materials, and to scribble on a kind of swinging desk. These missives he dated

from "The Train," and they were really almost as legible as his letters written under the most favorable conditions. In this way he would frequently dash off two or three dozen short letters in the course of a railway journey of a couple of hours; for he wrote wondrous rapidly, and his writing was unusually large. This practice of his is well known. But all are not aware that in crazy vehicles, and even when travelling on bad roads, he would still pursue his correspondence. It is related,

*à propos* of his practice of writing letters in railway-carriages, that, having dated a letter so written, "Rail, near Reading," the receiver, ignorant alike of his identity, and of his habit, directed the reply as follows:—

S. Oxon, Esq.,  
Rail,  
Near Reading.

Nevertheless the letter was delivered within a post or two at the bishop's London address, 61 Eaton Place. The envelope was preserved for many years as an example of the perception of the officials of the post-office (*Introd. p. 31*).

This feature in Wilberforce's character may not be dismissed so briefly. It has been so excellently touched upon by his biographer, that some further details may reasonably be introduced here from his admirable "Introduction" to the "Life."

Perhaps no man ever possessed a more remarkable power of working at all times, and of using up odds and ends of time—a faculty which of itself indicates a more than common vital force. He was passionately fond of North Wales, and frequently spent some time there in the autumn, taking the opportunity to speak and preach for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The details of his return journey from one of these Welsh visits are too characteristic to be omitted. He had preached on the Sunday, and on the Monday morning, leaving his hosts at Coed Coch near Conway, he travelled via Chester and Shrewsbury to Plás Machynlleth, the residence of Earl Vane, now the Marquis of Londonderry. He arrived at 4 P.M. Saddle-horses were awaiting him, and with the friend who accompanied him, he scoured the country—hill and valley—until 8 P.M., barely allowing himself ten minutes to dress for dinner, and this after a railway journey of full one hundred and eighty miles. The next day he was driven to a spot well known to Welsh tourists, Minfford, at the base of Cader Idris, which he ascended and descended on foot, a serious climb for a man already nearly sixty. On Wednesday morning he attended, and spoke at, a meeting for the Propagation Society at Aberystwith, then walked some miles to a neighboring house to luncheon, then trav-



elled ninety miles by rail and ten more by road to Llangedwyn, the residence of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, arriving at 8.45; dinner at nine and bed at 12.45. On the Thursday morning, after a six-o'clock breakfast, he was off before seven, reached Crewe between eight and nine, and London at 1.30. There he had a multitude of appointments occupying the time until 4.30, after which he left town for Salisbury, where by eight he was ready to join a large party at the bishop's, and then, after dinner, he entertained the whole company in the drawing-room, by a reading of "Enoch Arden," then just published. The traffic manager had given him a carriage to himself, so that during the journey to Salisbury, he had both written his day's letters and dressed for dinner (p. 24).

It would be idle to try to conceal the plain fact that Bishop Wilberforce paid the inevitable penalty of a life of such continuous action, and found wondrous few opportunities for reading or for writing. In order to achieve his well-known article on "Essays and Reviews" which appeared in the *Quarterly*, he was obliged to shut himself up entirely at Cuddesdon for a fortnight. There are but twelve hours in the day. Into those twelve hours he habitually *forced* the work of eighteen, if not of four-and-twenty; but reading, which is to bear fruit, will not submit to be so disposed of, and he was much too clear-sighted a man to make the attempt. His was, to an extraordinary extent, a life of action. Once, on hearing of a friend's promotion to the episcopate, "Ah," he exclaimed, "and now he will degenerate into a mere administrator." It must, in fact, be plainly admitted that the nature and extent of episcopal work renders systematic reading next to impossible. And yet, to some extent, Wilberforce *did* read. On coming down one morning to breakfast, at a country-house, he admitted that he had risen at six, and had carefully mastered twenty pages of Pusey on Daniel. He was reading the book through; but could only find time for it by early rising. He read such books alone as he deemed indispensable; getting the substance of many others chiefly by conversing with those who had read them carefully, and on whose judgment he knew that he might rely. The wonder was how he ever found it possible to write—what he was so frequently called upon to preach—namely, a sermon. Never, certainly, could he have written those later sermons at all, had he not acquired extraordinary facility by constant exercise during the earlier years of his ministry—as many an entry in his diary

proves. "For months together," says his biographer, "the course of preparation of each sermon is specified, together with memoranda as to its efficacy when delivered" (p. 55). O that young preachers would lay such a discovery to heart! Even to the last he stuck to the practice of at least endeavoring to commit to paper what he proposed to deliver from the pulpit, at the Athenæum, probably, or in the train. The document, it must be confessed, bore abundant traces of the disadvantages under which it had been produced, and was never fit for printing until it had been carefully revised,—in fact, it almost required to be rewritten.

Such a passing reference to Wilberforce's preaching awakens a multitude of slumbering recollections. There is no describing how exquisite was his oratory. Such a delightful voice and persuasive mode of address; such a happy admixture of argumentative power with rhetorical skill; such wealth of striking imagery and unrivalled beauty of diction; and all this recommended by the most consummate grace and a truly mellifluous utterance,—made him *facile princeps*, beyond a doubt the greatest living master of his art. His pulpit oratory was only inferior to his efforts on the platform, because the pulpit does not admit of the same display of varied power which is freely elicited by the exigencies of debate. But his sermons were wonderful performances truly; and all things considered, in the pulpit also he was certainly without a peer. The impression which his preaching made at court (1842) is eloquently reflected in some letters of Lady Lyttelton to her daughter, from which a few extracts shall be subjoined. It is a satisfaction to find one's own impression of his matchless elocution confirmed by so competent a judge:—

The real delight of this visit is the presence of Archdeacon Wilberforce. I never saw a more agreeable man; and if such a Hindoo were to be found, I think he would go far to convert me and lead me to Juggernaut: so it is hard if all who know him are not altogether Christians sooner or later. And I need not add, for it is a necessary part of his character, that he never parades or brings forward his religious feelings. They are only the *climate* of all his mind; talents, knowledge, eloquence, liveliness, all evidently Christian.

Archdeacon Wilberforce is gone, after preaching to us at morning service a most beautiful sermon; I was going to say the most beautiful sermon I ever heard, but that phrase means little. It was in manner and language the highest eloquence; and his voice and ear-



nest simplicity all the time leave on one no wish except that one could remember every word, and oh! practise every precept. The sermon we heard yesterday he wrote before breakfast, having come here quite unexpectedly (p. 220).

Later on the same graceful pen writes:—

Just before church-time the queen told me that Archdeacon Wilberforce was going to preach, so I had my treat most unexpectedly—mercifully, I could call it—for the sermon, expressed in his usual golden sweetness of language, was peculiarly practical and useful to myself—I mean, ought to be. “Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon him,” was the text; and the peace, trust, and rest which breathed in every sentence ought to do something towards assuaging any and every worret, temporal and spiritual. There were some beautiful passages on looking forward into “the misty future” and its misery, to a worldly view, and the contrary. The whole was rather the more striking from its seeming to come down so gently upon the emblems of earthly sorrow [referring to the mourning for Prince Albert’s father, 1844]; we are such “a boundless contiguity of shade.”

There was a beautiful passage—I wish you could have heard it, because you could write it out—about growth in grace being greatest when mind and heart are at rest and in stillness; like the first shoot of spring, which is not forwarded by the storm or the hurricane, but by the silent dews of early dawn. Another upon the *melancholy* of human life, most beautiful because most true (p. 221).

One who knew him intimately once said to him, “Do you not think that if a man *must* preach extempore he had better be unprovided with notes of any kind?” “Tell me why?” “Because notes are so apt to puzzle one. They are like something pulling at the sleeve, and only serving to put one *out*.” “No,” he replied, slowly and thoughtfully, “it certainly is not the case with *me*. I must always take *something* up into the pulpit with me. I feel so nervous else.” “*You* nervous?” “Yes, indeed: I require to have *something* before me, if it be but a bundle of blank paper.” And many will remember that even when he was known to be furnished with a written discourse (or at least with the nearest approach to such a document which he ever allowed himself), he would sometimes use it wondrous sparingly, enlarging with considerable unction and great fluency as well as felicity on some aspect of the subject which suddenly presented itself, and for which he had evidently made no written preparation. Here again, however, it would be

well if those who mistake *the power of talking in the pulpit, for the art of preaching from the pulpit*, would attend to the statement which Samuel Wilberforce once made to a friend, “that he owed his facility of speech mainly to the pains his father had taken with him that he might acquire the habit of speaking. The elder Wilberforce used to cause his son to make himself *well acquainted with a given subject*, and then speak on it without notes. Thus his memory and his power of mentally arranging his subject were strengthened” (p. 149). Mr. Pitt in his boyhood was trained in the same way by *his* father, the great Earl of Chatham. It constantly happened, in fact, that Wilberforce was constrained to preach when to write out what he proposed to say was simply impossible. A brother prelate relates that on a certain occasion he heard Wilberforce describe with such singular eloquence and power the effect on the soul of the clearing away of intellectual doubts, that he begged to be shown the MS. from which his friend had been preaching. The Bishop of Oxford put the document into his hands, turned to the page which contained the passage inquired after, and showed him a blank sheet of paper, inscribed with the single word—*fog*.

But, as already hinted, this facility of expression and readiness—however it may have been aided in his case by genius and natural aptitude for speaking—was the result of something else besides practice. There had gone before the patient labor of many years. There is in truth no “royal road” to excellence in this department. Very instructive is it to find repeated entries in Wilberforce’s diary of early risings “to write greater part of sermon.” His diaries teem with such entries as this—“Up early, and wrote sermon. When in church *saw* it would be unsuitable, so changed subject and preached extempore.” Nothing, however, but *that* mastery of the art of preaching which results from laborious painstaking could have enabled him to do the thing he speaks of, however much he might have desired it.

He was so often called upon to occupy the pulpit, that it was a downright relief and pleasure to him to hear the sermons of others; and if on the one hand he resented stupid, aimless, lifeless addresses, and could say terribly sarcastic things about them, no man was ever more indulgent and appreciative of whatever was at least interesting and well-meant, and

had anything of thought and actual purpose. But where there was genius and real excellence, he would descant on such an one's pulpit performances with downright zest and pleasure. Once at St. Mary's, after listening to a sermon by the present Dean of Rochester, then Master of Balliol, he exclaimed (turning short round to the present writer), "I think it is the most beautiful sermon I ever heard in my life." (The text was, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.") On another occasion, sitting among his friends one evening when the present Bishop of Ely (then one of his chaplains) was somewhere preaching one of a course of Lenten sermons, he took out his watch and said, "Woodford is now beginning his sermon. He has got to preach on" (naming the subject). "He will select for his text" (and he guessed what the text would be). "He will begin by taking a wide sweep of the ground" (suiting the action to the word by waving his arm), "then he will narrow his flight, and at last he will come down and fasten on," etc., etc. He had guessed the text rightly, and the picture of his friend's method was perfect. If he were passing the Sunday in Oxford, he would often relate how he had stepped into this or that church, and listened to one of his friends for a few minutes, repeating what he had heard, and testifying the same kind of interest as was testified by others when they came to listen to himself. With the modesty of real genius, he would even, when very tired, on being somewhat suddenly called upon to address a congregation, exclaim to the friend he was with, "Tell me what to say." And it was delightful as well as interesting in a high degree to watch his countenance while you hastily set a thought before him, and indicated how you supposed it might be made useful and impressive. But his greater efforts were to a singular extent his own, and in the best sense of the word original. His strength did not lie so much in the exposition of obscure passages of Scripture, or in the eliciting of important ethical teaching from unpromising texts, as in the living power with which he brought home divine precepts to the heart and conscience of his auditory. Remarks on the subject of preaching are to be met with in certain of his charges and addresses, full of practical value and power, which, coming from so great a master, it would well repay any one the trouble at this time to collect.

He was indefatigable during the earlier years of his residence in London, in going

about to hear the most famous preachers of the day — morning, afternoon, and evening — and making notes of their sermons. Being on a visit to the Macbrides at Oxford in 1835, —

On Sunday I heard Denison of Merton preach at St. Mary's, a good plain sermon, much listened to, with no great talent, I thought, of any sort, but good. In the next place I heard Hamilton, late of Ch. Ch., now tutor at Merton. He and Denison have charge of St. Peter's. Hamilton preached with a good deal of feeling, and is thought a first-rate preacher. Then I heard Newman, who preached a beautiful sermon upon "Whosoever receiveth one of these little ones" (p. 87).

"If you were called upon" (the question was once put to one of the bishop's greatest intimates) "to state wherein lay the secret of Wilberforce's success, what should you say?" "In his *power of sympathy*," was the ready answer; and it was probably the true one. There never was a more enthusiastic sympathizer with his clergy. He was large-hearted, liberal, and generous to a fault; prompt to enter into every one's needs, difficulties, discouragements; prepared to throw himself heart and soul into any project which seemed to him capable of being successfully worked, and which had good for its object. He was courageous also in such matters to the verge of indiscretion, evinced no official stiffness about initiating a novelty provided it carried on its front the promise of good; but, on the contrary, must walk straight to the front, and take the lead in whatever experiment seemed to him worth the trial. And then how he graced the leadership which by common suffrage would have been assigned to him, even had it not been his by right! His ready eloquence, his delightful manner, his genial warmth, *ensured* the success of whatever he undertook. To the friendship of men of the school called "Evangelical" he had an inherited claim. But then he also reckoned men of the very opposite way of thinking among his chiefest friends, and had a measure of genuine sympathy for all. In this way he not only drew strangers to himself, but bound them fast when they once came within the sphere of his immediate influence. His temperament effected more. It conciliated prejudice, broke down opposition, cemented confidence and affection. Earnest and enthusiastic spirits, attracted to him by the natural affinity of like natures, were made more earnest, more enthusiastic, by his example. Long before his

translation to Winchester he had gathered round himself whatever of real ability and earnestness there was to be found in his diocese. No man in truth ever got more out of his clergy than he. They did — whatever he bade them do; and he bade them to do — whatever he thought they were capable of doing. If any disliked him it was the timorous, the secular, the obstructive. As for the men who neglected their parishes, their churches, their work, they hated him with a cordial hatred. In illustration of what has been said above, a few lines from an unpublished letter may be allowed a place here: such a living picture do they afford of the man.

MY DEAR —, I thank you heartily for your wonted kindness in this matter. Oh, this world would be too happy if all men had warm hearts like you! There is *such* joy in true sympathy and hearty confidence. I have no doubt that the sharp frosts of suspicion and detraction are specially useful to those who, like me, naturally crave for sympathy and shoot out too readily the tendrils of affection; but certainly the process of being frost-nipped, though useful, is painful enough to the shoot-bearer; and often makes me long, if my boys were launched, to lie down and die. But may God bless you for your love.

It is believed that every one who was intimate with Wilberforce could produce a collection of such letters. No man ever yearned for affection more than he. Neither did any ever accord more freely to others the confidence which he postulated for himself.

Let the whole truth, however, be stated: for we may be thought to have been drawing an ideal picture. It is obvious for a reader to enquire, the man's gifts and graces being such as have been described, and the ends to which he directed them so admirable, are we to believe that we have been reading of an ecclesiastic without a flaw? By no means. His very excellences were a snare to him; his very gifts and graces proved his most effectual drawbacks. He was *too* clever, *too* self-relying, whereby he often put himself in a false position, and exposed himself to unfriendly criticism. Again, he was *too* persuasive, *too* fascinating in his manner, *too* fertile in expedients, and thus he furnished not a few with pleas for suspecting him of insincerity. Sure of himself and unsuspecting of others, he was habitually *too* confiding, *too* unguarded in his utterances. But above all, his besetting fault was that he was a vast deal *too facile*. The consequence might have been fore-

seen. He was sometimes obliged to "hark back," — to revoke, — to unsay. This bred distrust. Notwithstanding his thorough mastery of the principles of Anglo-Catholic divinity, it may be questioned whether, at the outset of his career, he had that clear perception of *where* to draw the line, which in one so conspicuous as he was, early entrusted with such a vast amount of responsibility, is even indispensable; especially if his lot be cast in perilous times, and in what may be emphatically termed a *transition* period of the Church's history. Accordingly, Wilberforce would sometimes adventure the partial allowance of practices against which, on mature reflection, he must have seen that he would have acted more wisely if he had from the beginning set his face like a flint. He was (one can but repeat it) too fond of being "all things to all men," — too apt to commit himself through his very versatility and large-heartedness. All this did harm.

Yet once more. His instincts were admirable: and no one who knew him will doubt that he was thoroughly loyal to the Reformed Church of England. His anti-Romish utterances are as strong and as grand as any that are anywhere to be met with; and he meant every word he said — perhaps a little more. Indeed, he never made any secret of his uncompromising detestation of the whole Popish system, with the depths and the shallows of which he showed himself intimately acquainted; his vigorous understanding often enabling him, in a few manly sentences, utterly to demolish the sophistries of its advocates, whether of the Anglican or of the Romish communion; as well as to expose the essential hollowness of the system, together with its fatal tendencies — moral, intellectual, social. Certain of his sermons, in truth, would well repay the labor of republication at this time, and would be an acceptable contribution to the requirements of the coming age. But then (as explained above) it was at once his misfortune and his privilege in following Bishop Bagot in the see of Oxford, to find himself floated by a rapidly rising tide, amid currents and eddies which were enough to perplex the ablest of steersmen. "It does seem strange," wrote Dr. Pusey, on the day of the reading of the *congé d'élire*, "and is, I trust, a token of God's mercy, that whereas some of the offices of a bishop would seem fitted to your natural gifts, you should by God's appointment have been called to a see which most of all requires *supernatural*"

(p. 300). The desertion of Dr. Newman to the enemy's camp (1845) had brought matters to a crisis. That event took place in the year when *Wilberforce was called to the episcopate*; and those only who were resident in the university at the time can have any idea of the atmosphere of unhealthy excitement which prevailed before and after the date referred to,—the result chiefly of the publication of Ward's "Ideal" and of Newman's "Tract No. 90." Every one in Oxford took a side, as taste or friendship dictated; and not a few were egged on to say and write more than they exactly meant,—certainly more than their sober judgment would have approved. A terrible shock had been given to the moral sense of the place by the claim to read English formularies in Romish senses,—a shock which it has not to this day recovered. There followed a terrible recoil. At the end of a decade of years (1854) came the Universities' Commission.

In the mean time the consequences became apparent of the uncatholic impress which had already been given in certain quarters to the great Church movement already referred to, and which may be said to have begun with the second quarter of the present century, but under widely different auspices. "I have a great inclination," said Hugh James Rose (the same "who when hearts were fainting bade us stir up the gift that was in us, and betake ourselves to our true mother" \*), "I have a great inclination," he had remarked to his brother, shortly before his lamented death in December 1838, "*to tell those gentlemen a bit of my mind.*" The Tract-writers had, in fact, quite drifted away from the proposed and promised Anglican standard. Already was it but too plain with how much truth the sagacious divine last quoted had predicted that "the next great struggle of the Church of England will be with Romanism," or words to that effect. And (to return to our proper subject) Bishop Wilberforce found himself for the last twenty years of his episcopate brought face to face with a problem which—without disrespect to his loved memory, or disparagement of his vigorous powers—it may be fairly questioned whether even *he* was competent to grapple. Allusion is, of course, made to what had better be called by its right name—the *Romeward* movement, which, as most of us are

aware, speedily grew out of—at least resulted from—the teaching called "Tractarian."

Let this part of the question be carefully handled, for it has been the endeavor of a section of the Church at the present day to misrepresent the plain facts of the case. Quite distinct, quite a different thing from that great Catholic movement—to which, as young men, Newman, Pusey, Keble, Isaac Williams, Marriott and others contributed their genius, their piety, their learning, their influence—is the miserable counterfeit which has since come to the front, and at this instant claims to represent "the High Church party." That the thing called "Ritualism" is the inevitable outcome of "Tractarianism" is undeniable; but it bears the same kind of relation to it which broad farce bears to severe tragedy. Even more alien is it, in sentiment and in expression, if possible, than modern Wesleyanism is to the actual teaching of John Wesley. It is difficult to write down the names of—well, never mind their names—and gravely to ask oneself what would "Mr. Newman" have thought of such mountebank disciples? "A bishop's lightest word, *ex cathedra*, is heavy," Mr. Newman told us. "His judgment on a book cannot be light." Addressing Bishop Bagot in 1841, "I trust I may say sincerely that I shall feel a more lively pleasure in knowing that I was submitting myself to your lordship's expressed judgment in a matter of this kind" (the withdrawal of any of his own "Tracts for the Times") "than I could have even in the widest circulation of the volumes in question." Learning from his bishop that in his judgment "'Tract No. 90' was objectionable, and might tend to disturb the peace and tranquillity of the Church;" and further that he advised that "the 'Tracts for the Times' should be discontinued," "I do most cheerfully and readily obey you in this instance" (he wrote), "and at the same time express my great sorrow that any writing of mine should be judged objectionable by your lordship, and of a disturbing tendency, and my hope that in what I write in the future I shall be more successful in approving myself to your lordship." It is not exactly thus that certain individuals, who shall be nameless, nor, indeed, members of the "Church Union" generally, express themselves. But to return.

The influence of the Oxford theology on the country at large was unquestionably good. Men had been taught to "ask

\* Dedication (Nov. 19th, 1838) of Newman's fourth volume of "Parochial Sermons."

for the old paths." The clergy everywhere were observed to propose to themselves a loftier standard than had been contemplated by their immediate predecessors. There was a general revival in things ecclesiastical, and the Oxford diocese in particular bore the impress of a change greatly for the better. It may be suspected, without a shadow of disloyalty to Wilberforce's memory, that had he brought to the episcopate certain other gifts besides those splendid qualifications for government with which we have already credited him so freely, it would have fared better with the Church of England at this time. Enthusiasm sometimes requires to be guided as well as promoted; to be checked as well as to be guided; and only checked in one direction in order that it break out more usefully in another. Wilberforce's leading idea was to promote *activity* in his diocese. He welcomed earnestness, *as such*, wherever he found it; and flattered himself that he should always be in time to check or to restrain the men, who, in the mean time, availed themselves of the sanction of his great name and authority to push forward their own well-meant (but by no means always judicious) crotchets. Conscious of his own powers of government, of his personal influence, of the loyalty and devotedness of the great bulk of his clergy, Wilberforce often suffered things to go too far in a direction which in his inmost heart he entirely disallowed. In consequence he was occasionally destined to make the dreary discovery that some of his lieutenants had played him false, had been wanting in honesty. An explosion in the diocese was sure to follow, and this did more than alienate confidence from him. It created downright suspicion and distrust, which was not the less reasonable because *personally* he did not deserve it. The mischief, moreover, had been done, and could not be undone. The offshoots of error could never afterwards be eradicated. A more wary, or let it be called a less trustful spirit, would have selected his lieutenants with more caution; would have been more solicitous to cut off occasions of offence; would have considered that a diocese is for all time, whereas a bishop's incumbency is but for a brief span of years; and that allowance, if not encouragement, given at one period to unsound principles and unlawful practices, *cannot* be withdrawn at another; lastly, would have bethought himself that when a bishop's three brothers, two brothers-in-law, only daughter

and son-in-law, not to mention many of his personal intimates, have lapsed to Romanism, the outer world *must needs* look on suspiciously, and be prepared to misinterpret every act of his which may seem to point in the dreaded direction. And will any one say that those men were to be severely blamed who, educated in a widely different school, and beyond all things solicitous for maintaining purity of doctrine, as well as resolved to be found faithful themselves to the teaching of the Church of England, declaimed passionately against what, in their eyes, was nothing else but the betrayal of a sacred trust?

And yet, as we began by saying, Wilberforce himself was faithful, faithful to the backbone, in his allegiance to the reformed Church of England. A thorough grasp too had he of the questions which have of late vexed her peace. Never certainly in his life did he express himself more nobly in this behalf than at the very end of his career, when (15th July, 1873, four days before his death) he delivered a memorable address (unwritten) to the rural deans of his diocese at Winchester House. Heartily is it to be deplored that he did not live to fulfil the promise which he made on the spot to those who heard it, in reply to their earnest and unanimous request, that he would write out and print what he had spoken. But notes of his discourse were freely taken by many present, and from a comparison of these the substance of what he uttered (and in some cases clearly the very phraseology he employed), was recovered and printed in a precious pamphlet of eighteen pages, — which, however, only too clearly reveals in every part the secret of its preparation. A few extracts from this remarkable and little-known production (which has been well entitled by its editor \* "*He being dead, yet speaketh*") will be fitly introduced in this place. The sentiments acquire additional solemnity from the circumstance that they were the very last which he publicly delivered. He began:

I do not doubt, my reverend brethren, that the extreme views, and extreme practices which are springing up around us, are as much a source of regret to you as to myself. In bringing the subject before you to-day, I am acting against the advice of some whom I greatly respect. But I have thought it the most manly and straightforward course, to face the question and take counsel with you as to the mode in which it is most desirable to deal with these things.

\* The late lamented Bishop of Guildford.



He gave the foremost place to a doctrine which, about that time, was being urged by the "Ritualistic" sect with a vehemence and a pertinacity, which were only intelligible when the discovery was made (but not till after his death) of the principles of the "Society of the Holy Cross."

Great prominence is given to the subject of CONFESSION. The tendency of the doctrine now put forward on this subject is to exalt its use into a necessity of the Christian life. Now I have no doubt in my own mind what is the true teaching of the Church of England on this point. It is that Christ has lodged with his Church the power of absolution by the Word, the Sacraments, and the Ministry; these are the ordinary means of relieving the sins and sorrows of his people, and conveying the assurance of pardon to the penitent. Then in particular cases, for souls specially burdened with sin, besides this primary doctrine laid down, and insisted upon by our great Reformers, there is a direction to make particular confession as the mode of obtaining relief.

But this is an essentially different doctrine from that which it is now sought to establish, viz., that habitual confession is almost necessary for the leading of the higher Christian life. This leads on rapidly to the old habit of believing that private confession of sin before the great High Priest is insufficient; and that without confession to a priest, a man cannot be sure of pardon, and especially cannot draw near to God in the Holy Sacrament.

Now this system of confession is one of the worst developments of Popery. In the first place, as regards *the penitent*, it is a system of unnatural excitement, a sort of spiritual dram-drinking, fraught with evil to the whole spiritual constitution. It is nothing short of the renunciation of the great charge of a conscience which God has committed to every man—the substitution of confession to man for the opening of the heart to God—the adopting in every case of a remedy only adapted to extreme cases which can find relief in no other way.

Then in *families* it introduces untold mischief. It supersedes God's appointment of intimacy between husband and wife, father and children; substituting another influence for that which ought to be the nearest and closest, and producing reserve and estrangement where there ought to be perfect freedom and openness.

Lastly, as regards *the person* to whom confession is made, it brings in a wretched system of casuistry. But far worse than this, it necessitates the terrible evil of familiar dealing with sin, specially with sins of uncleanness; thereby sometimes even tending to their growth, by making the horrible particulars known to those who have hitherto been innocent of such fatal knowledge, and so poisoning the mind of priest and people alike. A fact which has of late been very painfully brought home to me.

He addressed himself next to certain "Ritualistic" novelties in connection with the Holy Eucharist.

It is difficult to estimate the mischief which is resulting from the action of the high Ritualistic party in this matter. . . . It is not in a light sense that I say this new doctrine of FASTING COMMUNION is dangerous. The practice is not advocated because a man comes in a clearer spirit and less-disturbed body and mind, able to give himself entirely to prayer and communion with his God; but on a miserable degraded notion that the consecrated elements will meet with other food in the stomach. It is a detestable materialism. Philosophically it is a contradiction, because when the celebration is over you may hurry away to a meal, and the process about which you were so scrupulous immediately follows. The whole notion is simply disgusting. The patristic quotations by which the custom is supported are misquotations. St. Chrysostom's saying on the subject applies to the full midday meal, not to the light repast of our ordinary breakfast. It is put on the moral grounds that after a feast there will be fulness, and during a feast there will be jesting and talking, all which constitute a moral unfitness for so high a ceremonial.

Then, what a dangerous consequence results in NON-COMMUNICATING ATTENDANCE. Pressed not even for physical reasons, it brings us back to the great abuse of coming to the sacrament to be spectators instead of partakers, and so we have the condition of things arising in our communion which already prevails in the Church of Rome. I heard of a Roman Catholic priest triumphing greatly in the fact that he had *two male* communicants. I went to the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, at 5.30 A.M., several times, in order to observe what was the practice. It was always the same thing, the priest communicating alone, or one or two women occasionally joining him—the whole attendant congregation satisfied to remain looking on.

That this custom is creeping into our Church is not an accident; neither is it brought in for the purpose of making children better acquainted with the service. . . . It is recommended under quite a different impression. It is under the idea that prayer is more acceptable at this time of the sacrifice; that you can get benefit from being within sight of the sacrament when it is being administered. It is the substitution of a semi-materialistic presence for the actual presence of Christ in the soul of the faithful communicant. It is an abomination, this teaching of non-communicating attendance as a common habit. It is a corollary on the practice of fasting communion. If you cannot fast till midday, and must not communicate without fasting, then you are to be present and expect the benefit, though you do not comply with the conditions of the sacrament. Thus the Roman theory is creeping in. The sacrificing priest stands between your soul and your God, and makes atonement for



you. Fasting till the midday communion is irritation of the nerves, unfitting you to partake in this holy office. Come to early communion, as giving the first of the day, the freshness of the spirit, the unbrokenness of the heart to that great service. But if you cannot come in the morning, have no scruple about taking ordinary food before you communicate.

Some excellent remarks follow on the subject of *evening* communion. But the subjoined passage will be read with even more interest:—

I am attacked on all sides. On the one side I am called a false friend, accused of betraying a cause which I once upheld: on the other I am said to be unfaithful to my own Church, and a concealed Papist. I cannot say that I do not feel such attacks. It is impossible not to be pained by them. It is hard to bear; but, after all, it is *nothing* when weighed against the testimony of one's own conscience; it is *nothing* to make one recede from the course which one believes to be right, or to shake one's resolution by God's help to maintain it.

Well, then, if we ought to endeavor to draw these men to us, and lead them with us, instead of repelling them from us, and thereby confirming their errors, my advice to you is this: first, in regard to confession.

And the obvious cautions are given; but the remarks under the second head are more characteristic:—

Secondly, in regard to Ritualistic observances. There is a growing desire to introduce novelties, such as incense—a multitude of lights in the chancel—and so on. Now these and such things are *honestly and truly alien to the Church of England*. Do not hesitate to treat them as such. All this appears to me to indicate a fidgety anxiety to make everything in our churches assimilate to a foreign usage. There is a growing feeling, which I can only describe as an “ashamedness” of the Anglican Church, as if our grand old Anglican communion contrasted unfavorably with the Church of Rome. The habitual language held by many men sounds as if they were *ashamed* of our Church and its position: it is a sort of apology for the Church of England as compared with the Church of Rome. Why, I WOULD AS SOON THINK OF APOLOGIZING FOR THE VIRTUE OF MY MOTHER TO A HARLOT! I have no sympathy in the world with such a feeling. I abhor this fidgety desire to make everything un-Anglican. This is not a grand development, as some seem to think. It is a decrepitude. It is not something very sublime and impressive, but something very feeble and contemptible.

We dismiss the subject with the single remark that any attempt, which shall either now or at any future time be made to claim the author of such sentiments (and they were his latest public utterance;

they may truly be said to have been *his last words*) as a sympathizer with “Ritualistic” teaching, will clearly stand convicted of misstatement. The practices of the sect, their avowed and their secret aims, were the object of his downright abhorrence. Sometimes he would express his secret personal dislike to the very environments of the party with a grotesque fervor which was irresistible. “I suspect” (said one to him) “you *like* embroidered stoles—cassocks cut short to the buttocks—Gregorian chants, and so on.” “I like Gregorian music?” (he exclaimed, with a look of mingled terror and annoyance). “I assure you I never hear a Gregorian without feeling a wish to lie down on my stomach and *howl*.”

It is time to bring to a close the present pen-and-ink sketch (it pretends to be no more) of the greatest of modern bishops. A feature of his character, concerning which as yet nothing has been spoken, and for which for obvious reasons one shrinks from saying much, may yet not be passed over in entire silence. Allusion is made to the devotional side of his character—the inner spiritual life—which was deep and fervent. Profoundly conscious of the indispensableness of prayer and habitual communing with the Father of spirits, he *made* for himself opportunities in the midst of his countless engagements and the distractions of his very busy life. The inscription over the screen in the private chapel of his palace (“We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word”) expressed the genuine longing of his soul. Perhaps his *many-sidedness* was his most characteristic feature. He had a singular inquisitiveness of spirit which made him eager—over-eager perhaps—to be *en rapport* with every department of human knowledge. He took interest in everything. Thus *Mesmerism* (which in 1845 was a novelty) for a short space occupied his serious attention; while natural history was all his life long nothing else but a passion with him. And yet the fact cannot be overlooked that every other concern subordinated to the requirements of his high calling. In the words of his biographer:—

His lot was cast in a period of intense activity and expansion in the Church's work both at home and in the colonies; and it was not in his nature to escape being drawn in to take an active part in almost every movement of his time. His life was not merely *connected with*, but it actually *involves*, the history of the English, and in great measure of the colonial,

Church during his episcopate. His colonial Church correspondence was enormous; and, to mention only two examples, it may be stated that the letters he received on the subjects of the troubles in the Church of South Africa and in Honolulu can only be counted by hundreds. Almost everywhere his advice was sought, and to every one he gave it freely. Almost everywhere his co-operation was desired, and he was ready to aid and work for all (*Introd.* p. 17).

Inseparably mixed up with many a solemn and affecting image which the name of Samuel Wilberforce must forever summon before the memory of those who knew him, — are recollections of an exactly opposite character; recollections of incidents which can only be designated as *laughable*. He was so full of boyish spirits, boyish glee, — so prone in his intercourse with those he loved to do and say things brimful of *fun*, — so versatile, moreover, and apt (without *real* levity) to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous in a moment, — that never yet have reminiscences concerning him been fairly awakened among a party of his friends, without peals of laughter being speedily elicited at the grotesque images which every one present was able in turn to contribute. One of his archdeacons describes his consternation on being awakened one morning "on mission," with the reminder that he had promised to deliver an address at eight o'clock to a congregation, which had already been assembled for a quarter of an hour; together with his grotesque plea for having overslept himself, — "*The savage never woke me!*" (It was a plain case of exhausted nature.) — Another supplied the following more characteristic story: "Staying once during the dog-days at a friend's country-house, it was his hap to sit at dinner next to a prosy old gentleman, to the influence of whose conversation (the ladies being gone) Wilberforce at last succumbed, and fell fast asleep. He did more, he *dreamed* — dreamed that he was afloat on a tempestuous sea: 'And the storm was so violent' (he said slowly, aloud) — 'that the ship — could never live — through the surge.' . . . 'Now, do you know, my lord' (said the old buffer solemnly, after a pause of bewilderment), 'I find myself utterly unable to see the bearing of that remark on our previous conversation.' The bishop waking up instantly, and perceiving the gravity of the situation, but knowing his man, rejoined with the utmost gravity, 'Then, all I can say is, I'm *astonished* at you! Let us join the ladies:' and he left his friend in the din-

ing-room more perplexed than ever by the nautical image which had brought the conversation so suddenly to a close." A third person rehearsed the following experience: "There had been a great afternoon gathering in the Sheldonian (I think for the colonial episcopate), and Wilberforce had wound up the business of the day with a powerful and affecting speech, at the close of which the whole theatre was in an uproar of applause. He telegraphed to me (I was in the area) to come up to him, — which he effected by first pointing at me with his finger, and then pointing the same finger vertically to his own toes. I obeyed, wondering what he could possibly want with me. He leaned over and whispered, 'My dear B., I've quite forgot the fish. Would you do me the great kindness to go to Tester's\* and order turbot and smelts for eighteen? with lobsters for the sauce?' I merely nodded assent, impatient to be off, and miserably conscious that I must certainly explode if he kept me for another half-minute; but he had not quite done. 'Let all be sent down to my carriage at All Souls' immediately, will you? and — *don't forget the smelts!*'"

Once, having to preach at a church in Regent Street, on arriving at the door he encountered his friend, Mrs. A., in the act of returning to her carriage. "What? going away?" "Only because I can't get in." "Do you mean that you really *wish* to stop?" "I came on purpose." "Then take my arm." The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared; to whom the bishop, in his blindest manner, "You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church." "Impossible, sir. Church quite full." The bishop calmly, but with emphasis, repeated his orders. "*Quite impossible*," repeated the beadle; "I tell you, sir, the church is *full*." "O but" (was the rejoinder) "*I won't preach* if you don't!" This alarming threat at once opened Bumble's eyes. "O I beg your pardon, my lord!" (winking): "This way, *Marm*," and he deposited Mrs. A. in the churchwardens' luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.

He abounded in riddles and playful jests. One *sees* him at his own table turning sharp round to the late excellent Archdeacon of Oxford, "My dear Clerke, tell me why an archdeacon's apron is like unwholesome food?" The dear old man

\* "A well-known fishmonger in the High Street, with obvious reference to whom Horace remarks, — 'Servabit odorem Testa diu.'"

replied, thoughtfully, that he did not know. "Because *it goes against his stomach.*" Clerke remarked, gravely, that he might as well have said *a bishop's apron.* "Nothing of the sort, my dear Clerke. O dear no! nothing of the sort!" A lady asked him whom he considered the two best preachers in England. "Something which holds your dress together," was the ready answer. (Of course, he meant *hook-and-eye.*) Another asked him, with a look of concern, if the report which she had heard were true, namely, that he had cancer in his mouth. "Yes, to be sure," he replied, "*when I'm eating crab.*" But enough of this.

Those who knew the bishop best will probably concur in the opinion that he was never happier, never seen to more advantage, than in his own house. There never breathed a man in whom the domestic charities burned more brightly. "My happiest time," he used to say, "was when I was rector of Brighthelm, with my dear wife and my children all about me." How faithfully he cherished her memory we have already seen, and his friends were many a time reminded—never more affectingly than when at his funeral they noticed the wreath of lilies which his own hand, only a few weeks before, had hung over the cross which marks her grave. "I must be off now," he once exclaimed (the meeting over which he had been presiding was virtually at an end and the winter-day was advancing); "I promised to give the boys a skating-lesson on the pond." Once, when the palace was full of clergy, he was missed from the little conclave in the library,—to be encountered by one of his friends rushing up-stairs with his infant grandchild in his arms. Next to the society of the actual home-circle, he seemed happiest when, with his "bodyguard" around him (for so he called the little staff of men on whom he chiefly depended for sympathy and help), he strolled forth for a ramble—suppose after an ordination of clergy. He was never more interesting than at such moments. More even at Lavington than at Cuddesdon was he fond of thus strolling forth for his evening walk, with a few congenial spirits round him, to whom he could talk freely. But it was on the charms of the pleasant landscape which surrounded his Sussex home that he chiefly expatiated on such occasions, leaning rather heavily on some trusty arm, while he tapped with his stick the bole of every favorite tree which came in his way (by-the-by, every tree seemed a favorite),

and had something to tell of its history and surpassing merits. Every farmhouse, every peep at the distant landscape, every turn in the road, suggested some playful anecdote. He had a word for every man, woman, and child he met, for he knew them all. The very cattle were greeted as old acquaintance. And how he did delight in discussing the flora of the neighborhood, the geological formations, every aspect of the natural history of the place! Such matters were the favorite refreshment of his spirit. His first and his last contributions to the *Quarterly Review* were on Knox's "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex," and on his "Autumns on the Spey." The article on Darwin's "Origin of Species" (1860) was also from his pen. Affecting it is to remember that it was while he was in the very act of praising the loveliness of the landscape, he met with the accident which terminated his life on the Surrey downs, July 19th, 1873. He passed out of this world of shadows into *that* region of reality without warning and in a moment of time; a painless and a sudden, yet not, as we believe, an unprepared death.

The intelligence was flashed next day all over England, awakening a pang of genuine sorrow in many a parsonage, and causing thousands to go about their Sunday work wondrously heavily. The lesson of the day was the narrative of how Absalom obtained for his only monument a cairn of stones in the wild wood. In the way of contrast it seemed impossible not to call to remembrance what a glorious monument this great prelate—first of Oxford, then of Winchester—had erected for himself by the labors of a life consecrated to God's service, which had come so suddenly to a close. And how incredible at first did it seem that so splendid a rider should have indeed met with his death by that most improbable of causes—the stumbling of his horse! His reputation as a master of the art of riding was everywhere proverbial, especially in the diocese of Oxford.

A large concourse of his friends followed him to his last resting-place, which was not to be (as many had expected) beside his illustrious father in Westminster Abbey, but in the same village churchyard and on the same breezy slope where, two-and-thirty years before, he had deposited the loved remains of his wife. Such an humble grave excavated in the chalk, and nightly drenched with the dew of heaven, would, it was thought by his

sons, have been more acceptable to his spirit than any other. Verily, as the years roll out, it will attract many a pilgrim foot; but the Church, no less than the world, is wondrous apt to forget its chiefest benefactors, and few will care to remember, when a few decades of years shall have run their course, how largely the Church of England is indebted to him who sleeps below. None but those who knew him will have the faintest conception what an exquisite orator, what a persuasive preacher, what a faithful bishop, in every private relation of life what a truly delightful person, is commemorated by the stone which marks the grave of Samuel Wilberforce.

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#### HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

PAUL did not at first obey the call thus sent to him. He lingered, angry that his friend should interfere, as he said. He knew it was not interference, but the pride which was so strong in him, notwithstanding all his theories, resented haughtily the intrusion of a stranger into his family. Paul's theory was far from being complete. He was ready himself to abandon all he possessed, and to assert it as a necessity that every honest man should do the like, receive his share and nothing more; but he did not contemplate the idea of a general descent of his family into the wider ranks of common brotherhood. That his father should share his ideas, and resign his wealth and position, was a thing incredible, he well knew; and curiously enough he had never thought of it. Whatever happened in the way of levelling, it had never seriously occurred to him to think that the Markhams would be as the Spearses, as the grocers or the hatters. (Grocers and hatters, by the way, are always excluded in visionary schemes of revolution. One must draw a line somewhere; and both the rich and poor draw it at the shopkeeper.) Such a thing could not be; it was impossible. Were there a republic proclaimed in England to-morrow, was there a general confiscation and redistribution of everything, making all men the same, the Markhams could not be as the Spearses. It was not possible.

But still more hotly, as in the presence of real danger, Paul's pride stood up

against the possibility of the Markhams being as the Fairfaxes.

Richard Fairfax was his friend; he was a gentleman — yes, no doubt, in himself a gentleman — but not as the Markhams were gentlemen. He was a nobody; he was the son of a nobody. He did not belong to the Fairfaxes of the north or of the south. He had a good name, but no more. What had such a fellow to do in Alice Markham's company? Spears at the Chase was an eccentricity of his own, which made Paul feel himself above prejudice, and nobly superior to the conventional maxims of society; but Fairfax there affronted his pride. The two things were quite different. The same rules did not seem to apply to the noble working-man, who was above them, as to the gentleman who was only a gentleman in his own right. That his mother should have formed a kind of alliance with this young man (though his own friend) irritated him beyond measure. Women were so easily taken in. Good manners, and a look of good breeding — so easily acquired nowadays when everybody was formed in the same mould, and all kinds of people could achieve the hall-mark of public schools and universities, — were enough to take in a woman. Had Paul been consulted, no such person should have entered the sacred precincts.

Yet Paul was a democrat, on the verge of surrendering everything, and throwing in his fortunes with a little communistic party! The inconsistency did not strike him, or if it ever stole across his mind, he repelled the consciousness with a hot protestation within himself that it was not at all the same thing. That Spears should be his equal was a thing to fight for, a thing that could never derange the inborn sense of aristocracy; but that Fairfax, who was so near his equal, should be his equal, therein lies the danger, which instinct seizes upon, which rouses pride in arms.

This proud distaste and discontent occupied his mind at first to the exclusion of every other feeling. And when that faded, it may be allowed that Paul had some cause for a disinclination to see his mother. What had she done? She had dragged down upon his head the humble roof under which he had intended to find shelter. She had thrown him into the arms of those with whom indeed he was eager to consort, but whose embrace was no way attractive — nay, was repulsive to him. She had changed all his circumstances, vulgarized his plans, de-

graded him from the rank of a political apostle into that of a wretched, besotted lover. Young men who are not in love, and in whom the intellect predominates, are apt to be very hard upon what they consider the delusions, the incredible folly of love. To sacrifice freedom, personal independence, the unencumbered lightness of manhood, for the sake of a woman, seems to them the most ridiculous mockeries until the moment comes when they share it. This was Paul's way of thinking. It was an outrage to his nature and mental powers to make him appear to be doing that for Janet Spears which he was doing from the highest principle. And this was what his mother, with her womanish interpretation of his high aims and wishes, had made appear. He could not forgive her; and in this he was not without reason. He made many efforts before he could think with patience of the strange morning's work which had changed everything for him. No, he could not go to her so soon. He went to his rooms and shut himself in, sitting down among his books like any Roman among any ruins. Read! why should he read? These were useless tools of an old world, which he was about throwing off. "Honors!" what were they to him? The schools and the struggle had retreated into dim distance. His degree would be of far less consequence to him than his gun, and all his studies not worth half so much as the simplest lesson of his country breeding. To sit there, however, among all those relics of a time which was over, which had no more hold upon him, was gloomy work. And every refuge seemed taken from him. He did not want to go to the rooms of any other "man" where he might meet Fairfax. He could not go back to Spears; his heart revolted at the thought of going (as habit made him call the place where his parents were) home. He was walking about in this gloomy way, now gazing out of one window, now out of another, when a little tap came to his door, a light foot, a soft voice, and agitated face.

"Oh, Paul, may I not come in?" Alice said. "Have you not seen Mr. Fairfax? He was to tell you papa was ill. We want you—oh, we want you, Paul."

"What has Fairfax got to do with it?" growled Paul.

"Mr. Fairfax! Oh, nothing, but that he was so kind; he helped papa up-stairs. He came for you when mamma sent him. I do not know what we should have done

without him; for—you were not there, Paul!"

"Not much wonder if I was not there!"

"Why, mamma does nothing but blame herself. She cries and says we should not have come. Oh, Paul! and papa, I told you, has had one of his faints. Will you come?" cried Alice, moved to tears, yet flushing high with a general impatience, "or are we to be left to shift for ourselves?"

"She deserves it," he said. "What had she to do with it? Surely I am old enough to manage my own affairs."

"Is it *mamma* you mean by she? Then stay—or go where you like. Oh, how dare you!" cried Alice, wildly angry. "*Mamma!*" This stung her so that she went to the door hurriedly, going away; but that little flash of wrath was soon over. She stopped and turned round upon him, making another appeal. "You don't deserve that we should care for you; but we do care for you," she said. "Oh, Paul! when I tell you papa has had one of his faints—for what? because to think of you going away, forsaking us, giving up home, and your own place, and the people that you ought to care for, was more than he could bear. Paul! how can you leave us—leave Markham and everything you were once fond of—leave your duty, and the place you were born to?"

"My dear little Alice," he said, with a smile, glad to conceal a little melting of his own heart which was beyond his power of resisting, by this fierce superiority, "speak of things you understand."

Then Alice flashed upon him with all the visionary vehemence of a girl in her own defence.

"How should I not understand?" she cried. "Am I so stupid? It is you who make yourself little, pretending to despise us. What is there to despise in us? We do not fill our head with pride and fancies like you. We love those who belong to us, and serve them, and do our duty as we know how. It is not we who leave our old father to suffer, to tear our mother's heart in two. It is not we that turn peace into trouble. There you stand," cried Alice, "a man! fit to be in Parliament making the laws better—fit to be doing something for them that belong to you, after learning, learning all your life, doing nothing but learn, that you might be good for something. And now, all you think you are good for is to emigrate, like the poor Irish. Is that all you are good for? Then you ought to be humble, and not dare to



turn round and sneer and tell us to speak of things we understand. Understand! I understand that if you can do nothing better than that—if, after all, you can only betray us and forsake us, and be no use, no help to any one, it is a shame!"

Who can doubt that Alice's eloquence was broken with sobs, and her frenzy all blind with tears? She would not, however, for pride, let him see them fall, but turned away from the door with passionate haste, and flew down the deserted staircase, swallowing her sobs as best she could, and dashing away the hasty torrent from her eyes. She heard him laugh as she got out into the air in all her agitation, and this sound stung Alice to the heart.

But if she had known it, Paul's laugh was like the ploughboy's whistle to keep his courage up. He had not expected any such onslaught, and he was not insensible to it, any more than she was to his scorn. For, after all, he did not in the least despise his sister, though it was so handy to pretend to do so. When he was left again among his ruins, though he stimulated himself, as by a sickly trumpet-note of pretended victory, by that laugh, Paul did not feel himself so good a personage as he could have wished, and for the next half-hour or so there came and stabbed at him a little array of by no means pleasant thoughts.

In the afternoon, after some hours had elapsed, Paul walked into his father's room with a little air of defiance, and without any apologies. Sir William was seated in an easy-chair, looking aged and worn.

"I am very sorry to hear that you have been ill, sir," his son said.

"Yes, I have been ill," said Sir William, "but it will pass off. I think the best thing for me is to get home."

"I should not think you could be very comfortable here," Paul said.

His mother was in the room, and his grievance against her rose up bitterly, and quenched the softer feeling which had moved him at sight of his father's pale face.

"It would perhaps have been better that we had not come. There are many things—that I must see after—in your interests. Paul, do you mean to come home with us? Whatever you may do hereafter, it would be best for you to come home now."

There was a momentary pause.

Sir William put forward no arguments, not even that of his own condition, and

used no reproaches. But behind him appeared Lady Markham's face, pale and pathetic with entreaty. Her eyes were fixed upon her son with a look which he could scarcely withstand. And therefore Paul set his face like a rock, and would not yield.

"I don't see what good it would do, sir," he said. "You know my unalterable resolution. You know my principles, which are so much at variance with yours, and would prevent me from ever taking the position you wish. Why should we worry each other since we can't agree? Beside, other circumstances have arisen," he said, with a vengeful glance at his mother. "But before I sail I shall certainly come to say good-bye."

His mother's faint call after him, "Paul! Paul!" which sounded like a cry of despair, caught at his very heart, but did not bring him back. His feet felt like lead as he went down the stairs. Almost they would not carry him from everything that was in reality most dear to him; but the more nature held him back the more determined was his obstinate will to go. He would come back to say good-bye before he sailed. Was he leaving himself a place of repentance? But at present, though he was wretched, though his heart seemed to have an arrow through it, and his feet were like lead, he would not stay.

This was how it came about that Sir William appeared at Birtwood station, leaning upon the arm of a young man who was not his son. After Paul's visit he had another attack of faintness; and Fairfax, who came back in the evening to put himself at the disposal of the ladies, found them in great agitation, eager to get home again, yet half afraid to venture on the journey. He came back in the morning to help them to get their patient to the railway; and when they got there, Sir William, feeling the advantage of his arm, so held by him, that, without either invitation or preparation, the young man, so strangely united to these strangers, came with them, not a word being said on the subject. He had not even a ticket, even the smallest provision for a visit. What of that? The young fellow was of that light heart and easy temper to which no adventure comes wrong.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

PAUL MARKHAM went back to his rooms, and sat down again amid the ruins. His heart was as heavy in his bosom as a lump of lead. It weighed

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upon him, hindered his breathing, refused to rise or to beat more lightly, let him do what he would. He had taken down his pictures, his china, all that he had thought luxurious, from his walls long before. Nothing remained of all his decorations which he had once loved but a copy of Albert Durer's "*Melancholia*," which he had kept, thinking it symbolical. Besides, it was only an autotype. Had it been an original print, worth a great deal more than its weight in gold, he would not have thought himself at liberty to keep it. He looked round upon his books with gloomy eyes. Ruins — nothing but ruins — all around him! What was the good of them? They had done him all the service they were capable of, and in his life there was no further place for them. No schools now for him, no honors, no need of endless philosophic hair-splitting this one's theory of being, that one's of knowing. He was going to put all that babble away. There were a few that he might take with him. Theocritus his idylls, gray old Hesiod, that antique husbandman, Plato in his republic. But even Plato, what was the good of him, with all his costly paraphernalia of a new society? Spears would do it all with much less trouble. No long education would be wanted for *his* rulers — if, indeed, any rulers should be needed. Less trouble! After all, when we come to think of it, it was by no means sure that Spears's process was less painful, less costly than Plato's. Himself, for example. Would every pioneer who joined their ranks, every leader among them, be obliged to pay his footing as dearly as Paul had done? To turn his back upon his father and mother, to cast all his antecedents to the winds, everything, from filial affection to the books upon his shelves — it could not be said that this was a cheap or easy probation.

He sat thus for he did not know how long; the sunshine of the August afternoon getting round the corner and streaming straight in, inquisitive and troublesome. What were they doing now at the inn? Sir William had been very gentle; he had not said a word of blame. His tone, his looks, his very weakness had been conciliatory. Paul, when he covered his eyes with his hands, seemed to see that scene again, and twinges came to his heart, sudden impulses to get up and go to them — to go at least to the place and ask after his father. There are temptations to do good as well as to do evil. Impulses came to him like little good

angels pulling at his sleeve, entreating him to come; but alas! it is always more easy to resist temptations to do well than to do ill. Once or twice he was so far moved that he got up from his chair; but always sat down again after a blank look from the window over the deserted quadrangle and the parched trees. Why should he go? It would but raise vain hopes in them that he meant to yield: and he did not mean to yield. This kept him a prisoner in his room; for if he did not go *there*, where should he go? He paid no attention to the hour of dinner. He could not, he felt, have gone to hall, where there was the little dinner for the scanty summer contingent, the "men" who were "staying up to read." Even these heroes were dropping away daily, and at the best of times the little group in a place which held so many was depressing; and Paul did not want to dine — the common offices of life were disgusting and distasteful to him. He roused himself to go out at last when the daylight had begun to wane. There was to be a meeting that night in the shop of Spears of the people who were going with them to found the new colony — for to this their plan of emigration had grown; but it was still too early for that. The shadows were lengthening, the light almost level, when Paul came out. He did not know where to go; he wandered through the streets where the townspeople were all about enjoying the beautiful evening, and strolled heedlessly, not caring where he went, towards the inn. He could not get out of his mind the recollection of the little party who would get no good of the beautiful evening. His mother and Alice, like most mothers and sisters, had always imagined themselves to be "very fond of Oxford." They had liked to hear of all its habits, and foolish, youthful ways — the nightly flights from the proctors, the corners where some hairbreadth 'scape had been made, the "High" and the "Broad," and all that innocent slang which a happy boy pours forth on his first introduction to these delights. It had always been an excitement, a delight to them to come here. Now he could not but think of them shut up in that bare, gloomy room, with the high, pale walls, and long, green curtains. Oh, how they plucked at his sleeve and at his heart, those persuading angels! How he was tempted to go back again to bid by-gones be by-gones, to forgive everything (this was his way of putting it)! But no. Had it been the other kind of

angel leading him to another kind of person, most likely the young man would not have stood out half so bravely. He strolled down to the river where one or two melancholy "men" in boats were keeping themselves as retired as possible from the splashing of the released shopboys, and the still more uncomfortable vicinity of the town boats which rowed almost as well as the 'Varsity. The sky was all rosy with sunset glowing over the long reflections in the water, touching the greenness of the banks and trees into a fuller tint, and making more blue with all those contrasting tints of rose the blueness of the sky. The soft summer evening, with a gentle exhaustion in it — sweet languor, yet relief after the heat and work of the day — the soft splash of the oars, the voices all harmonized by the warm air, the movement and simple enjoyment about, were all like so many reproaches to him. How they would have liked to walk with him, to laugh softly back to every sound of pleasure, to talk of everything! Paul said to himself that all that was over. It was a pity for Alice to be shut up in a dingy room, but to-morrow she would be at home among their own woods, and what would it matter? As for himself, it would be his henceforward to tread the stern path of a higher duty — alone.

Paul met with one or two interruptions on the way. He saw Fairfax at a distance, and saw that he avoided him, turning quickly away when he perceived him; and he met one or two others of those who were "staying up to read." Finally he met a being of a different order, less easy to separate himself from, a young don, who turned and walked with him, anxiously saying that it was quite immaterial which way he went, — a young man not much older than Paul himself, but cultivated to the very finger-tips, and anxious to exercise a good influence if that might prove possible. This new companion gave him a stab unawares by asking if it was true what he had heard, that Sir William Markham was ill. Even in a deserted college in the midst of the long vacation, where there happens to be a domestic chapter of life going on, some echo of it will get abroad. The young don was very modest, and anxious not to offend or intrude upon any "man" in trouble; but yet he would have been glad could he have exercised a good influence. They walked along the river bank while the sunset faded out of the west, and Paul at last acknowledged the relief of

companionship by plunging forth into a statement of his own intentions which filled his auditor with horror and dismay. A man who did not intend to take his degree was as a lost soul to the young don. He listened with gentle disapproval and regret, shaking his head now and then, yet saying softly, "I see what you mean," when Paul poured forth a passionate statement of his difficulties, his sense of the injustice of his own position, his horror at the corruption and falsehood of the world, and determination never to sanction, never to accept in his own person the cruel advantages to which he had been born. After all that had come and gone it was a great ease to the young revolutionary, upon such a verge of high devotion yet despair as he was, to make one impassioned assertion of his principles, the higher rule of his conduct. Probably the college, too, and all the men would hear that it was for the love of Spears's daughter that he was throwing his life away. He was glad (when he came to think of it) of this chance of setting himself right. "I see what you mean," said the young don. He would have said the same thing with the same regretful air, non-argumentative and sympathetic, yet with his own opinion in the background, had Paul poured into his ear a confession of passionate attachment for Janet Spears. He understood what a political enthusiasm was, and he knew how the world might be well lost for love, though he did not approve either of these passions. In either case he would have been very glad to have established a good influence over the man thus carried away, whether by the head or the heart. Paul, however, if he did not come under any good influence, was solaced by his own outburst. He got cooler as they turned back towards the towers now rising dimly into the cooled and softened atmosphere of the night, and the glimmer of the friendly lights.

It was a disappointment to the young don when his companion left him abruptly, long before they reached their college. He had meant to be very kind to him at this violent crisis of life, and — who could tell? — perhaps to win him back to safer views — at least to put before him so forcibly the absolute necessity of taking his degree that passion itself would be forced to pause. But Paul did not give him this chance. He said a hurried good-night when they reached the spot at which he had met his mother in the morning, the point at which the picturesque and

graceful old street was crossed by the line of uneven thoroughfares, in which Spears's house lay. The young don looked after him in surprise and disappointment as he walked away. He shook his head. He would not doubt the authenticity of Paul's confession of faith, but the low street breathed out of it a chill of suspicion. He could understand anything that was theoretical, however wrong-headed, but Spears's shop and the street in which it was was a great deal more difficult to understand.

Paul sped along, relieved of the immediate pressure on his heart, and more determined than ever in his resolution. He had said little in the morning in answer to Spears's question. He had declared that it was not love alone which had brought him there; that there had been nothing frenzied in his enthusiasm for that teaching in which the salvation of the world he believed would be found to lie, but further he had said nothing. And Spears had been too much relieved on his own account and was too delicate on his child's, to pursue the subject. To tell the truth, the demagogue, though the kindest of fathers, had not been delighted by the thought that his young favorite disciple, his captive aristocrat, the young hero whom he had won out of the enemy's ranks, and who was his pride, had been all the time only his daughter's lover. The thought had hurt and humbled him. That Paul might love Janet in the second place, might have learned to love her after his introduction to the shop was a different matter. The gratification of recovering his own place and influence drove the other question from his mind. And by this time, it recurred to him, the delicacy of a mind full of natural refinement had resumed its sway. It was for the lover to open this subject, not the girl or her friends. And though he wondered a little that Paul said nothing to him, he asked no further question. It was a relief to Paul, on the other hand, not to be called to account. The evil day was deferred at least, if no more, and he was very glad to put it off, to wait for what might happen, to hope perhaps that after all nothing would happen. Paul did not know what had passed or what his mother had said. Her own broken and tremulous confession of wrong, and Janet's consciousness, had been his only guides. He had thought himself for the moment bound to Janet, but perhaps things had not gone so far as he thought; and though he was determined to hold

firmly to any bond of honor that might hold him even though it were not of his own making, yet the sense that his freedom was still intact was an unspeakable relief to him. Since then he had managed to forget Janet, but when he turned his face towards her house it was not so easy to continue to forget. The twilight was brightened by the twinkle of the lamps all the way down the vista of the street, and by a dimmer light here and there from a window. The shutters had been put up in Spears's shop, but the door was open, and in the doorway, faintly indicated by the light behind, stood some one looking out. Paul knew before he could see who it was. She was looking out for him. It is hard to find our arrival uncared for by those whom we want to see, but it is, if not more hard, at least far more embarrassing, to find ourselves eagerly looked for by those whom we have no wish to see. Paul's heart sank when he saw the girl, with the long lines of her black gown filling the doorway, leaning out her graceful shoulders and fair head in an attitude of anxious expectation, looking for him. What could he say to her? The return of her image thus suddenly thrust before him filled him with impatience and annoyance. Yet he could not withdraw himself; he went on without a pause, wondering with a troubled mind how far his mother had committed him, what she expected, what she wanted, this girl who was no heroine, no ideal woman, but only Janet Spears.

Her eyes drooped as he came forward, with a shyness which had in it something of finer feeling than Janet had yet known. He was very dazzling to her in the light of his social superiority. A gentleman! Janet had heard all her life that a gentleman was the work of nature, not of circumstance, that those who arrogated the title to themselves had often far less right to bear it than the working men whom they scorned; but all these theories had passed lightly over her. *She* knew the difference. They might talk what stuff they liked, but that would not make one of them a *Sir*—a man whose wife would be my lady, a dazzling personage who drove in his carriage, who had horses to ride, and men in livery to walk behind him. The other was talk! fudge! rubbish! but these things were realities. She watched him coming down the street in the grey twilight, in the faint yellow of the lamps. His very walk was different, the way in which he held his arms, not to speak of his clothes, of which even the

Sunday clothes of the others bore but the faintest resemblance. Janet's nature, such as it was, prostrated itself before the finest thing, the highest thing she knew. And if this is noble in other matters, why not in the most important of all? If it is a sign of an elevated soul to seek the best and loftiest, why not in a husband? Janet did not stand upon her charms, yet her logic here was far better practically than her father's. She recognized Paul without a moment's hesitation as the best thing within her reach, and why should not she put forth her entire powers to gain the perfection she sought?

"They have not come yet, Mr. — Paul," said Janet, casting down her eyes.

She had always called him Mr. Markham before, but she could not help hoping that now he would tenderly reprove her for the previous syllable, and bid her call him by his Christian name. Was not this the first step in lover's intimacy? But this was not what happened. It struck Paul disagreeably to hear his name at all, even with the Mr. before it. His mind rebelled at this half appropriation of him. He could not help feeling that it was cowardly of him to be rough with Janet, who had no power of defending herself, but he could not help it. He brushed past her with a half-sensation of disgust.

"Haven't they?" he said; "never mind. I dare say your father is in."

"Father is not in, Mr. Paul. He's gone to tell Fraser, the Scotchman, to come. He didn't know there was a meeting. I am the only one that is in to keep the house. The girls have gone to the circus — did you know there was a circus? — but I," said Janet, "I don't care for such things. I've stayed at home."

Then there was a pause. Paul had gone into the shop, which was swept, and arranged with benches, and a table in the middle, for the emigrants' meetings, and Janet, following him so far as to stand in the inner instead of the outer doorway, stood gazing at him by the imperfect light of the lamp. How could she help gazing at him? She expected him to say something. This was not how he had looked at her in the morning. Poor Janet was disappointed to the bottom of her heart.

"That's a pity," said Paul brusquely. "If I had known Spears would not be here I should not have come so soon. I don't see why he should keep me waiting for him. I have a thousand things to do, all my time is taken up. I might have been with my father, who is ill, if I had not come here."

"Oh, is he ill?" said Janet. Her eyes grew bigger in the dim light gazing at him. "It must be very strange to be a gentleman's son like that," she added softly, "and to think what a difference it might make all at once if — And you never can tell what may happen," she concluded with a sigh of excitement. "I don't wonder you're in a way."

"Am I in a way? I don't think so," said Paul. "I hope there is nothing much the matter with my father," he added, after a little pause.

"Oh!" said Janet, disappointed; but she added, "There will be some time. Some time or other you will be a great man, with a title and all that property. Oh, I wanted to say one thing to you before those men come. What in the world have you to do with them, Mr. Paul? They may think themselves ill-used, but you can't think yourself ill-used. Why should you go away when you have everything — everything you can set your face to — at home. Plenty of money, and a grand house, and horses and carriages, and all sorts of things. You can understand folks doing it that have nothing, but a gentleman like you that only have to wish and have, what ever can you want to emigrate for?" Janet cried.

From The Edinburgh Review.

#### BRITISH LIGHTHOUSES.\*

THE coasts of England, in addition to those visible perils to which we owe so much of our insular safety, are beset in many parts by hidden sources of danger, on which, in past times, many a gallant ship has been suddenly wrecked. These are the submarine rocks and outlying sands and shoals, some of which, such as the Bell Rock, near Arbroath, and the Wolf Rock, off the Land's End, have long enjoyed, if the term may be permitted, an infamous reputation. The idea of converting these fatal enemies of the mariner into welcome guides for his homeward voyage, by making them the bases of lofty and conspicuous lanterns, is of comparatively recent origin. The earliest date at which (according to Mr. Findlay's "Description and List of the Lighthouses

\* 1. *A Description and List of the Lighthouses of the World*. Nineteenth Edition. By ALEXANDER GEORGE FINDLAY, F.R.G.S. London: 1879.

2. *Life of Robert Stevenson, Civil Engineer*. By DAVID STEVENSON, C.E. London: 1878.

3. *International Association for the Maintenance of Sea-Lights*. By Sir TRAVERS TWISS, D.C.L.

of the World") any of the lights now maintained on our coasts was provided was 1636, when the North Foreland light was established. A tower seventy-four feet high, on the summit of St. Agnes Island, has warned the mariner from the scattered rocky group of the Scilly Isles since 1680. A red fixed light, at Hunstanton, has shone over the "Roaring Middle Sand" since 1665. Besides these, only twenty-nine lights on the English coast date earlier than the commencement of the present century. For Scotland, which has a much longer and more dangerous, though a less frequented line of coast, it was not until 1786 that the Board of Northern Lighthouses was constituted by an act of Parliament, which declared in its preamble that it would greatly conduce to the security of navigation and of the fisheries if four lighthouses were erected in the northern part of Great Britain. In Ireland, a white tower, forty-two feet high, on the south-east point of the peninsula of Howth, displayed a light in 1671; to which a fog-horn, sounding for five seconds, at intervals of twenty seconds, has since been added. Only four other Irish lighthouses, those at Duncannon Fort, Poolbeg, Balbriggan, and Copeland, date from the eighteenth century.

The length of the coast-line of the British Islands, according to the report of the Commission appointed in 1861 to enquire into the condition of lights, buoys, and beacons, is nine thousand three hundred and ninety-two nautical miles. Of these, two thousand four hundred and five constitute the coast of England; four thousand four hundred and sixty-nine that of Scotland; and two thousand five hundred and eighteen that of Ireland. The shore-line of France, it was mentioned by way of comparison, measures considerably less than half that of Great Britain, being returned at two thousand seven hundred and sixty-three nautical miles. On our own shores were maintained, eighteen years ago, three hundred and fifty-seven lighthouses, besides forty-seven floating lights. The latter were almost confined to England, only one then existing in Scotland, and five on the Irish coasts. Including these, the English lights numbered two hundred and twelve, the Scottish one hundred and fourteen, and the Irish seventy-eight. The book of the "Lighthouses of the World" gives, for 1879, two hundred and thirty-one English, one hundred and thirty-one Scottish, and ninety-seven Irish lights,

making a total of four hundred and fifty-nine. This shows that during the past eighteen years we have increased the number of our lights by nearly fourteen per cent. We have now one light for every ten and a half miles of English, for every thirty-four and a quarter miles of Scottish, and for every twenty-six miles of Irish coast.

The erection of a tower on a commanding promontory, and the display and maintenance of a brilliant light, are precautions to the origination of which we have no pretensions to make any claim. The whole family of lighthouses take their name from the Pharos of Alexandria, which is described by Josephus and other authors as a magnificent storied building, reared in the time of the Ptolemies, and containing a light which was visible at sea at a distance of three hundred stadia. The account given in the "Jewish Antiquities" of the harbor-works erected by Herod the Great at Cæsarea describes lofty towers, solid for the lower half of their height, and chambered above, which by their stately height of two hundred feet exceed the noblest works of the modern builder. In one respect, indeed, has the England, or rather the Scotland, of the nineteenth century out-topped the work of "Herod of Jewry" in loftiness of structure. Characteristically enough, the building in question is neither fort nor palace, monument nor pharos. It is the chimney at the Port Dundee works, near Glasgow; which measures four hundred and sixty-eight feet from its foundation, the lower diameter being thirty-two feet, and the top diameter twelve feet eight inches. The internal bore gradually contracts from the diameter of twenty feet to that of ten feet four inches.

Among the loftiest lighthouses in the world is that at Callao, where, on the north point of Lorenzo Island, is an octagonal white tower, sixty feet high, the focal plane of the lantern of which is at a height of nine hundred and eighty feet above high water. This light, however, is said to be visible only at a distance of twelve miles. On Deal Island, in Australia (latitude  $39^{\circ} 29' S.$ , longitude  $147^{\circ} 21' 6'' E.$ ), on a tower forty-six feet high, is a revolving bright light, nine hundred and fifty feet above the sea. This is often hidden by fogs, but in clear weather is visible at a distance of thirty-six miles. An equal range of visibility is claimed for the light exhibited on a white stone tower, thirty feet high, on the Cape of Good Hope. The light is eight hundred and



sixteen feet above the sea, and is visible all round seaward, except when hidden by Vasco de Gama Peak. Roque Bermejo Point, in the Canary Islands, has a flashing light visible at thirty five miles' distance, the height above the sea being eight hundred and ten feet. But the light on the Gran Canaria Island, on the north-east part of Isleta peninsula, though seven feet higher, is sighted for only twenty miles. Belle Isle, Newfoundland, shows a fixed bright light at an altitude of four hundred and seventy feet, which is visible for twenty-eight miles. Montevideo lights, one fixed and one flashing, at a height of four hundred and eighty-six feet, are seen at twenty-eight miles' distance; and the same range is ascribed to the revolving bright light on Cape Frio, in South America, at three hundred and twenty-two feet above the sea. In the Mediterranean, on Giglio Island, is a revolving light at the height of one thousand and seventeen feet. This is the loftiest that we have found recorded, but it is said to be visible for only twenty-six miles. The light on Monte della Guardia, at the south end of the Island of Ponza, is visible for an equal distance, although fixed at a level lower than the Giglio light by two hundred and seventy-six feet. The light on Cape Palinuro, dear to the student of Virgil (the guide from Naples to the Straits of Messina), is six hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea, and is seen for twenty-five miles.

It is thus evident that the great range which Josephus and other authors have claimed for the famous Pharos at Alexandria must be taken with some hesitation. Mr. Alan Stevenson, a member of a family of lighthouse-builders, and the successor of his father, Robert Stevenson, as engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses, remarks, as to the statement of Josephus above cited, that such a range (which he makes equal to a distance of about thirty-four English miles) for a lighthouse on the low shores of Egypt would require a tower of five hundred and fifty feet in height. This would considerably out-top the Great Pyramid, of which the present height of four hundred and eighty-five feet is only seventeen feet more than that of the Glasgow chimney. But the side of the base of the pyramid is more than half as much again as its height. It must be remembered, however, that there is this enormous difference between a chimney and a lighthouse. The former, if exposed to the fury of a hurricane blowing at the rate of one hun-

dred miles per hour, would have to withstand a pressure of sixty-two pounds on every square foot of the area exposed to the blast. The latter, if a sea-tower, has to resist the shock of the waves. What that may be we learn from the fact that Mr. Thomas Stevenson's marine dynamometer has registered the force exerted by the sea off the Scottish coasts, in a winter tempest, at six thousand pounds' pressure per square foot, or nearly one hundred times the force of the hurricane.

In a little work of much interest, called "A Rudimentary Treatise on the History, Construction, and Illumination of Lighthouses," published in 1850, Mr. Alan Stevenson quotes from Strabo an account of a magnificent stone lighthouse at Capio, near the harbor of Menestheus, the modern Puerta di Santa Maria, built on a rock nearly surrounded by the sea, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Nearly the same description is applied to this lighthouse as to the Pharos of Alexandria. The tower of Corunna is another example of the work of the ancient lighthouse-builders, which is identified by Mr. Stevenson with a tower built by Caius Sævius Lupus, an architect of the city of Aqua Flavia, the modern Chaves, as mentioned by Humboldt. A lighthouse has recently been erected on this headland, furnished with a dioptric apparatus constructed by M. Létourneau of Paris. The remains of a tower called Cæsar's Altar, at Dover; of the Tour d'Ordre at Boulogne, on the opposite coast; of a Roman pharos, near Holywell; of a similar structure at Flamborough Head; and of a lighthouse erected in 1272 at St. Edmund's Chapel, on the coast of Norfolk, — are all the additional instances collected by Mr. Stevenson of the labors of his early predecessors in his noble and perilous calling.

The earliest lighthouse of modern times that demands attention is the famous Tour de Corduan, which is erected on an extensive reef at the mouth of the river Garonne. In point of architectural design and execution it is still the finest pharos in the world. Its form, that of a succession of temples, of the different Greek orders of architecture, rising one above another, like the stories of some of Sir Christopher Wren's steeples, was probably suggested by the description of the Pharos of Alexandria. The best account given of the Tour de Corduan will be found in Bélidor's "*Architecture Hydraulique*." The rock on which it stands was dry only at low water, when it ex-

posed a surface of one thousand yards in length, by about half that width. A solid cylindrical basis, one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter, was first built in stone on the rock. On this rose, commencing with the diameter of fifty feet, one Doric, two Ionic, one Corinthian, and one composite story, each successively diminishing in diameter. The second Ionic member of this series was fitted up as a chapel, thirty-one feet in diameter, and with a dome forty feet high, which was hidden from without by the Corinthian elevation. Above this rose the cupola, of twenty-seven feet in height, and twenty-one feet in diameter, which was surrounded by a stone balustrade, and in its turn supported the lantern. Even the unimaginative official list of the "Lighthouses of the World" describes the Tour de Corduan as "a handsome structure, two hundred and seven feet high, on a rock." The height of the lantern is one hundred and ninety-four feet above high water. The date of the establishment is given in this authority as 1727. But this is only the real date of the destruction of the original lantern, and the substitution of an iron one by M. Botri. The building was commenced under the reign of the magnificent house of Valois, in 1584, and was completed under Henri Quatre, in 1610. The unusual magnificence of the structure was due to the importance attached to it as part of a series of works intended to connect the Atlantic and the Mediterranean by a navigable channel—an object which has been effected on a modest scale by the construction of the Languedoc Canal.

England tried her 'prentice hand on the illumination of her shores at the close of the seventeenth century. Between 1696 and 1698 Mr. Winstanley designed and built, on the treacherous Eddystone rock, off Plymouth, a timber structure which supported a lantern, at what was then regarded as the lofty height of sixty feet above high-water level. The gneiss rock which was thus illuminated formed one of the most fatal dangers of that part of the seas. It rises from a great depth with an abrupt scarp, and though its summit is barely covered by the level of the sea at high water, it is beaten by an almost perpetual surf. Such is the effect of the rock in diverting the force of the waves sweeping in from the Atlantic, that they leaped over the lantern of Winstanley and buried it under the water. The engineer was in consequence compelled to enlarge the tower and to double its

height—always a very critical kind of work to attempt. He felt confident in the strength of his building, and often expressed his wish to be in it during the fiercest storm that could arise. The opportunity was afforded him in 1703. Some repairs were then needed, and Mr. Winstanley went with his workmen to the rock to superintend their execution. On the night of November 26 a terrific storm occurred, and when the morning dawned the lighthouse was no longer to be seen, nor were any tidings ever brought of the wreck.

Three years later the Trinity House obtained an act of Parliament to extend their powers, and instructed Mr. John Rudyerd to build a second lighthouse on the Eddystone. Considerable judgment was displayed by Rudyerd in the construction of his tower, which proved able to resist the fury of the waves for forty-seven years, from 1708 to 1755, when it fell a prey to the opposite element—fire. The tower was of a conoidal form, ninety-two feet high to the top of the lantern, twenty-three feet diameter at the base, and fourteen feet at the top. It was smoothly planked, so as to offer as little obstacle as possible to the surf, and built solid within with masonry for half its height, with the exception of a sort of well left in the centre for a staircase. The doorway was at a height of twenty feet above the lowest part of the tower, being reached by a winding staircase without from the rock. Three floors or systems of tie-bars crossed the well, which carried the staircase from the level of the entrance. Above the top of the masonry the tower was divided into four apartments, of successively increasing height; and the lantern was considerably narrower than the top of the tower. The whole was tied down to the rock by strong iron bars, dovetailed into the base.

On the destruction of this building (which deserves a fairer fame than has of late attached to it) by an accidental fire, in 1755, Mr. Smeaton was called in. His original genius, by the employment of what may almost be called carpentry in stone, produced the noble tower which has been the pattern and example of the whole family of sea-girt lighthouses. The floors of the Eddystone lighthouse, as built by Smeaton, were constructed on the arch principle, and the haunches of the arches were bound with chains to prevent them from pressing outward, to the injury of the walls. In this Mr. Smeaton followed the example of Sir Christopher

Wren in the construction of the dome of St. Paul's; as in his turn Wren followed the lead of a yet greater master in the girding with a metal band of the springing of the dome of St. Peter's. The idea which Smeaton embodied in the form of his tower was that of the bole of the oak-tree, with its tapering curve. More recent and more accurate investigations, of a mathematical nature, have proved what the true outline of a sea-tower ought to be, and thus have done justice to the truthful instinct of Smeaton. The tower was made solid to the height of eleven feet above high-water level, and the masonry was carried fifty-seven feet above this solid shaft.

For several years past, the safety of the Eddystone lighthouse has been a matter of anxiety and watchful care to the corporation of Trinity House, as was mentioned in a note communicated by their engineer, Mr. James Nicholas Douglass, to the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1878. During heavy storms from the westward, each wave that struck the shaft caused a great tremor throughout the building. The joints of the masonry have repeatedly yielded to the heavy strain imposed on them, and sea-water has been driven through them into the interior of the building. In 1818 Mr. Robert Stevenson, engineer to the Board of Northern Lights, paid a visit to the Eddystone, during which he was enabled, owing to the fortunate occurrence of a low tide with a smooth sea, to make a careful inspection of the rock. He then reported:—

The rock is shaken all through, and dips at a very considerable angle, perhaps one in three, towards the south-west; and, being undermined on the north-east side for several feet, it must be confessed that it has an alarming appearance. I am not, however, of opinion that it has altered its state, perhaps, since the date of the erection of the tower. Since my last visit in 1813, I am not sensible of any change in it. On the north-east side, however, at what is called the "Gut" landing-place, where the men sheltered themselves from the fire of Ruddyard's lighthouse, but especially at low water of spring tides, there is a hollowing of the rock which penetrates at least to the base of the lighthouse. I therefore conclude that when the tide rises high, there is danger of this house being upset after a lapse of time, when the sea and the shingle have worn away the wall to a greater extent. Nothing preserves this highly important building but the hardness of the rock and the dip of the strata; but for how long a period this may remain, no one can pretend to say.

In 1839, and again in 1865, the upper

part of the structure was strengthened; strong internal ties being inserted, extending from the lantern-floor downwards to the solid portion of the tower. On the last occasion it was found that the chief mischief was caused by the upward stroke of the heavy seas on the under side of the cornice that projects below the lantern-gallery, at a height of sixty-eight feet above high water. It is probable that Smeaton never anticipated so remarkable a deflection of wave movement by the graceful outline of his tower, or he would have given an appropriate curve to the under side of the cornices, so as to turn the wave over on itself, or would have interposed a string-course for that purpose at a lower level. The projection of the cornice was reduced by five inches in 1865, and the stones fastened together with through bolts. The tower has since been maintained in a fair state of efficiency; but the gneiss rock has been so shaken by the effect of the sea-strokes on the tower, that the danger foreseen by Stevenson in 1818 has become more menacing. It was in consequence decided to erect a new lighthouse, at a distance of about one hundred and twenty-seven feet from the present tower, on a part of the rock where a good foundation has been found near low-water level.

In the new tower, of which the foundation-stone has been laid by the Prince of Wales, the elevation of the focal plane of the light will be one hundred and thirty feet above high water, or nearly twice the height of the lantern of Smeaton. The tendency of the curvilinear outline of the tower to aid the leap of the waves to an enormous height will be to some extent counteracted by making the elliptical section spring, not from the base of the tower, but from a built cylindrical base of granite, forty-four feet in diameter, and twenty-two feet high. A level margin of four feet three inches wide will be left on the top of this solid cylinder of granite, from which will spring the graceful shaft of the tower, thirty-five feet six inches in diameter at the base, and eighteen feet six inches diameter at the cornice, the top of which will be one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the rock. The lighthouse will be provided with a light of the first order, and with a fog-signal of maximum intensity. The range of the light will be increased, by the additional height, from fourteen to seventeen and a quarter nautical miles, so as to overlap the range of the new electric lights at the Lizard. On the completion of the new

lighthouse it is intended to take down Smeaton's tower to the level of the top of the solid portion, which is twenty-nine feet above high water of spring tides.

It may be mentioned as an example of the unexpected tests which the work of the lighthouse engineer may be called on to undergo, that in 1840 the strong iron sea-door of the Eddystone tower, which was constructed to resist the waves, and thus made to open outwards, was burst open from within, and the bolts and hinges torn away. Mr. James Walker, then president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, explained this unexampled occurrence by the conjecture that a partial vacuum had been formed for a moment without the tower, by the fall and curl of the wave, and that the force of atmospheric pressure from within, rushing to fill up the vacuum, had occasioned the disaster.

The danger to which mariners were exposed by the famous Inchcape Rock, which lies at the entrance of the Firth of Tay, are familiar to the readers of Border poetry; and the retribution that befell Sir Ralph the Rover for his wanton destruction of the bell buoy, fixed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, is a grim instance of poetic justice. The Bell Rock was the more to be dreaded from the fact that it was barely uncovered by the sea at low water. Repeated efforts were made, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, to obtain some efficient beacon for this frightful shoal; but public opinion was not fully roused, until, in December 1799, a dreadful storm from the north-east swept the Scottish coasts, in which it was ascertained that as many as seventy sail of vessels were stranded or lost, many of them with all hands. It was generally believed that a fine vessel of the Royal Navy, the "York," of seventy-four guns, had struck on the Bell Rock during this storm. She foundered, with her entire crew, not one being preserved to tell the tale; and the coast for many miles was strewn with fragments of her wreck. On this fatal catastrophe becoming known, the general outcry was, "There must be a lighthouse erected on the Bell Rock."

The site was carefully surveyed, in 1806, by Mr. Robert Stevenson, engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses. He ascertained that a sufficient foundation for a tower existed on the northern part of the rock, but that five hours a day, during favorable weather in the summer season, was the utmost time for which men could be expected to work. It was

thus necessary to prepare, fit, and number, the stones for the foundation courses on shore, so as to allow them to be set with the utmost speed when brought to the rock. Extraordinary ingenuity and skill were displayed by Mr. Stevenson in this part of his design. A floating light-ship was prepared, and moored off the rock, and a wooden tower was erected, on lofty struts of timber, to serve as a barrack for the workmen. During the first season of the undertaking, which was the summer of 1807, the aggregate of the time which could be worked on the rock, taken by snatches at low water, amounted to only thirteen and a half days of ten hours, or to twenty-seven of such intervals of five hours as Mr. Stevenson had stated as the outside that could be worked at a time. In the following year, time amounting to two hundred and twenty hours was made available, and during this season the foundation was excavated in the solid rock, and filled in with fitted masonry to the level of the surrounding surface. Thus little more than a month's work was found to be possible during the first two years. In 1809 the barrack for the workmen was completed, and the masonry of the tower was raised to the height of seventeen feet above high-water level. The tower was completed in the following year, and the light was first exhibited on February 1, 1811.

On one occasion Mr. Stevenson describes, in simple but graphic language, the peril to which his little company were exposed, before the erection of the barrack. The artificers had been landed on the rock by a boat, manned by eight men, which served as a tender to the "Smeaton," as the moored vessel was named. The wind continuing to blow hard, the boat's crew put off, to look to the riding ropes of the "Smeaton" and to see that everything there was safe. Hardly had the boat reached the vessel, before the latter got adrift, carrying the boat with her; and both had got to a considerable distance before the state of things was observed by those who were intent on their own work on the rock. As it blew hard, there was much difficulty experienced in getting up a sail on the "Smeaton," in order to work her up to the buoy, and secure her afresh to her moorings. By the time that she was able to get her head round towards the rock, she had drifted three miles to leeward, with the boat astern. As both wind and tide were against her, Mr. Stevenson, on becoming aware of her position, became at the same

time aware of the perilous predicament in which he and his workmen were left. It seemed impossible that the "Smeaton" could reach the rock until long after it had been overflowed by the sea; as, owing to a particular set of the tides in that locality, the Bell Rock is completely under water before the ebb abates to the offing. With the flood, the rock would be at least twelve feet under water, to say nothing of the additional height of the waves, as the sea was then stormy. There were thirty-two persons on the rock, with only two boats, which, even in fair weather, would hold at most twenty-four sitters. But, in the sea then on, to attempt to row to the floating light would have been unsafe with more than eight rowers in a boat, so that half the number of the men left on the rock were unprovided with means of escape. Mr. Stevenson feared that if he despatched one of these boats to the assistance of the "Smeaton," a panic would have ensued; the workmen insisting on taking to their own boats, leaving the men belonging to the "Smeaton" to take their chance. A scuffle might have ensued, of which the consequences would have been most disastrous; and it was afterwards hinted to the engineer that the men, who were armed with stone-picks, had resolved to take to their own boats at all hazards.

For a considerable time the drifting of the "Smeaton" was known only to the engineer and to the landing-master, who removed to the extreme point of the rock, and kept his eye fixed on the struggling craft. As long as the sound of the workmen's hammers and of the smith's anvil continued, the artificers remained intent on their work, unaware of what had occurred. At length the water began to rise on those who were engaged on the lower parts of the site of the beacon and lighthouse. From the rise of the sea upon the rock the forge fire was extinguished earlier than usual, and the discontinuance of the smoke allowed a distinct view to be taken from all parts of the rock. The men, who were now at the end of about three hours' work, began pretty generally to make for their boats in order to look for their jackets and stockings. When, instead of three, they found only two boats there, a dead silence fell on them all. They seemed to be mutely counting their numbers. The landing-master, fearing to be blamed for allowing the boat to leave the rock, still kept at a distance. The engineer stood on the highest point of the ridge, marking the progress of the "Smeaton," which

was retarded by the pull of the small boat under her stern. The workmen looked steadily at Mr. Stevenson, and occasionally turned their glances towards the vessel, still far to leeward. All this passed in silence, and the melancholy solemnity of the group made an impression never to be effaced from the mind of the narrator.

Mr. Stevenson, who had been revolving in his mind what was best to be attempted, had come to the conclusion that when the water reached the higher parts of the rock all hands should strip off their upper clothing; that every unnecessary weight and incumbrance should be removed from the boats; that a specified number of men should enter each boat; and that the remainder should hang on by the gunwales, while the boats were rowed gently towards the "Smeaton."

But on attempting to speak, Mr. Stevenson became aware that his mouth was so parched that his tongue refused utterance. He stooped to take up a little water from one of the pools on the rock, and on lifting his head heard the cry, "A boat, a boat!" On looking round a large boat was seen through the haze, at no great distance, making to the rock. It proved to be the Bell Rock pilot, who had come out with letters. He had supposed, from the state of the weather, that all hands were aboard of the "Smeaton," until, approaching more nearly, he had observed the men on the rock. Sixteen of the artificers were then sent, in two trips, in the pilot's boat, with directions to make for the floating light. The remaining sixteen followed in the two boats belonging to the service of the rock. The passage was hard and dangerous, the wind continuing to rise. The party left the rock at nine, but did not reach the floating light till twelve, every man as thoroughly drenched as if he had been towed through the sea.

On the day following that narrow escape occurred the only hesitation on the part of the men throughout the whole course of the work to affront the dangers of the rock. Only eight out of twenty-six artificers, besides the foreman and the seamen, appeared on deck when the bell rang at five o'clock in the morning. These eight, however, secured four hours of work, the longest day which had been made in the season. The eighteen who had remained on the lightship disappeared from the deck on the return of their comrades, thoroughly ashamed of their conduct. And thus ended the only refusal to



go to work that occurred during the whole progress of the undertaking.

On another occasion Mr. Stevenson was on board the lightship during a storm, in which she all but foundered; and in which, under the stroke of one unusually heavy sea, all on board gave themselves up for lost. As the tempest somewhat subsided, the break of the waves on the Bell Rock, and the height to which the spray was tossed, is described as wonderfully grand. About noon on the second day the floating light was found to be adrift. The cable had been chafed and cut, it was thought by fouling some portion of wreck. Another anchor was lowered in twenty fathom water. Had the parting of the cable occurred in the night, the floating light would inevitably have been dashed on the rock.

The daily passages of three miles from the lightship to the rock and back, the descent into the boats, the landing on the rock, the return after work was over, were all ordeals of no light description. Even when the timber barrack was erected, and the great annoyance of sea-sickness was thus saved to the landmen, anything but a sense of security was felt by those on the spot. In heavy gales the spray was thrown over the building to a height of ninety feet above the level of the sea. The waves were seen to approach like the unfolding of a great scroll, and caused a draught of wind in their passage which was distinctly felt. On one occasion the floor of one of the galleries was burst up by the sea, and the triangular cast-iron sheer crane was broken down. This was observed from the floating light, with much alarm for the safety of the artificers. But it was utterly impossible to attempt anything for their relief until the gale took off.

Such were the perils amid which these brave, skilful, and hardy men reared on this fatal rock a stone tower of one hundred feet in height, forty-two feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen feet in diameter at the top. The door is thirty feet from the base, to which height the tower is solid throughout. Above this, the thickness of the exterior walls gradually diminishes, and six apartments, including the light-room, are formed. The light is given from sixteen argand lamps, fixed on a frame made to revolve by machinery, placed in the foci of parabolic reflectors, with alternate screens of red glass. It thus sheds alternately a red and a white light. The machinery which moves the lamps is also applied, in foggy weather, to

toll two large bells, in order to give warning, as in the old times of the abbot, to the mariner. The cost of this noble work was 61,330*l.* Sir Walter Scott visited the tower in 1814, and left the following *carte de visite* in the album of the lighthouse:—

*Pharos loquitur.*

Far in the bosom of the deep  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;  
A ruddy gem of changeful light  
Bound on the dusky brow of night;  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

In the same year in which he wrote the above lines, Sir Walter Scott, in company with the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, visited the Skerryvore Rocks, which lie about twelve miles W.S.W. of the seaward point of the Isle of Tyree, almost exactly in the latitude of Iona, and eighty miles from the nearest mainland. These rocks had long been a terror to mariners. A list of wrecks that was kept for fifty years, and that was far from being complete, enumerated thirty vessels which had been lost on them within that period; and how many of those which had been reported as foundered at sea may have been wrecked on this dangerous reef there are no means of ascertaining. The reef consists of numerous rocks, stretching over an area of nearly eight miles from W.S.W. to E.N.E. It lies in the direct track of shipping, both for the Mersey and for the Clyde. The main nucleus, which alone offered a surface sufficient to support a tower, is nearly three miles from the seaward end of the cluster. It consists of hard gneiss worn as smooth as glass by the constant play of the water, and is so small that at high water little is visible round the base of the tower but a narrow band of a few feet in width, and some rugged rocks, separated by channels through which the sea incessantly plays. The islanders of Tyree were in the habit of making regular trips to these rocks after storms, and often returned with their boats laden with wreck. The cutting of the foundation for the tower in this irregular flinty mass occupied nearly two summers. The danger attendant on blasting the rock, where the space was so confined, and means of shelter from the flying splinters was absent, was added to those formerly experienced at the Bell Rock. The engineer entrusted with the design and execution of the Skerryvore lighthouse was Mr. Alan Stevenson, the son of the engineer of the Bell Rock lighthouse, and

his successor as engineer to the Board of Northern Lights.

The story of the erection of Skerryvore tower is almost a repetition of that of the Bell Rock. On the one hand may be set the experience which had been gained in the course of that triumphant struggle against great natural forces. On the other hand, the inaccessibility of the spot, the magnitude of the work, and even the fury of the waves, were greater in the Argyshire seas. The granite used for the masonry was quarried in the Ross of Mull, thirty miles from the island of Tyree. Piers had to be built, both in Mull and in Tyree, for the shipment and landing of the materials. It was necessary to build a steam-tug for the service, which served in the early stages of the work as a floating barrack for the workmen. A harbor had to be formed at Hynish for the protection of the steamer. The anchorage round the rocks was bad. Two-thirds of the horizon were "foul ground;" and the difficulty of landing on the rock was so great that it was not until 1834, when a minute survey of the reef was made, that the idea of commencing such a work was seriously entertained.

Even the question of the force and the fury of the sea is one to which science has given a definite answer. Mr. Thomas Stevenson, another of this gallant family of engineers, constructed a marine dynamometer, which registered the force of impact of the waves. During five summer months, in 1843 and 1844, the average indications registered by means of this instrument near Tyree and Skerryvore gave 611 lbs. of pressure per square foot of surface exposed to the waves. During the winter months the pressure rose, in the same locality, to more than three times that amount, or to 2,086 lbs. per square foot. At the Bell Rock the highest result obtained, by the same instrument, was 3,013 lbs. But at Skerryvore a maximum of no less than 4,335 lbs. per square foot was measured; and Mr. Alan Stevenson, in his "Rudimentary Treatise on Lighthouses," where he gives the above-cited figures, adds in a note that a pressure of as much as six thousand pounds per square foot has since been ascertained.

A practical mark of the extraordinary fury of the Atlantic waves on the reef of Skerryvore was afforded on the night of November 3, 1838. The operations on the rock were commenced, in the summer of that year, by the erection of a wooden barrack, similar to that which had been

secured on the Bell Rock. A pyramidal mass of solid timber, fastened by iron bats and bolts to the live rock, cross-braced, and strengthened by other timbers leaning inwards towards the centre, supported a strong wooden tower, containing three apartments, of which the floor was eighteen feet above high-water mark. This tower was fifteen feet in diameter, and twenty-seven feet high, and was constructed with great solidity. The storm in question, which happily occurred during the season when operations were suspended, entirely destroyed and swept from the rock the framework which had been erected in the summer, leaving nothing remaining to point out its site but a few broken and twisted iron stanchions, and, attached to one of them, a piece of a beam so shaken by dashing against the rock as to resemble a bundle of laths. (The experience of the writer can confirm this statement, as regards the effect of great pressure on wood, even apart from any hammering action, such as that of the sea. After a slip in the Watford Tunnel, constructed by Mr. Robert Stephenson for the London and Birmingham Railway, which was the first great work of that description undertaken on any English railway, the fibres of the oak props were found to have been so rent from one another by the force of the pressure of the earth that they could be pulled apart like threads in a thread-paper.) After this disaster, and the completion of the roughest part of the removal of the foundation of the lighthouse, by a party that lived on the vessel for two seasons, a second attempt was made to fix a barrack, somewhat stronger than the first. This house braved the storms for several years after the works were finished, and was then taken down. Perched forty feet above the level of the rock, in this singular watch-tower, Mr. Alan Stevenson, with thirty men, spent many a weary day and night at times when the sea prevented any one descending to the rock; anxiously looking for a change of weather, and not always at ease as to supplies. For miles round nothing was to be seen but white, foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves.

It will be seen from these accounts, taken, as far as possible, from the very words of the chief actors in the perilous scenes described, that there is especial need for the lighthouse engineer to be characterized by those qualities which, above all others, go to make up the man.

No tale of polar adventure, of subterranean struggle, or of military self-devotion, can more justly demand our sympathy as telling of a manful contest with terrific opposing forces, than these records of successful conquest from the sea, and of the conversion of the hidden dangers of our shores into the guides and safeguards of our mariners. The long period for which it is often necessary to keep up the contest must also be remembered. Mr. Alan Stevenson modestly says, in reference to the theory of lighthouse construction: "After a residence on the Skerryvore Rock of five seasons, and eleven years' experience of its exposure, I may be allowed to speak with some confidence on the subject." It has not always proved to be the case that man has been successful in this long struggle with the ocean and the tempest. That black and stormy night, on November 26, 1703, when Winstanley with all his assistants disappeared, together with the timber lighthouse that he had reared on the Eddystone Rock, can never be altogether forgotten by those who may find themselves surrounded by the full fury of the ocean, in a narrow and solitary tower, however firmly rooted on the rock.

The lines which bound the western and the south-eastern shores of the extreme part of Cornwall would meet, if prolonged, at a little more than eleven miles' distance from the Land's End. At this spot (in latitude  $49^{\circ} 56' 41''$  N., and longitude  $5^{\circ} 48' 30''$  W.) is a rock composed of hard, dark, felspathic porphyry, the highest point of which is seventeen feet above low water of the spring tides, which rise nineteen feet, and thus cover the rock with two feet of water. The surface of this rock, which is known by the name of the Wolf, is rugged, and a landing upon it is at all times difficult. The depth of the water at low tide is twenty fathoms all round, excepting on the S.E., where a shoal extends to a cable's length, having only from four to five fathoms on it at low water. The Wolf is beaten by a terrific sea, being exposed to the full force of the Atlantic Ocean. The dangerous rocks known as the Longships and the Rundle Stone lie between the Wolf and the mainland. The Seven Stones and the Bishop Rocks, outliers of the Scilly Island group, form other members of a category of ocean dangers that beset the course of the mariner at the entrance of the English seas.

As early as the year 1823 the Admiralty

contemplated the project of building a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock, and a rough plan was made by Mr. Robert Stevenson, the engineer to the Commissioners of Northern Lights, of a stone structure for that purpose. The large amount of the estimate, which was 150,000*l.*, is supposed to have been the reason why the design was abandoned, and that of a beacon was substituted. Five years were occupied in the erection of this beacon, which was in the form of a cone of cast-iron plates, filled with a core of cement rubble, and supporting a mast bearing a ball. An average of sixty hours' work per year was all for which it was found possible for men to work on the spot, the maximum time employed being eighty-five hours, in 1838, and the minimum thirty-nine and a half hours, in 1836. The cost of the work was 11,298*l.* The mast, which was of English oak, twelve inches in diameter, was carried away in November of the year of completion. It was replaced by a wrought-iron mast, seven and one-half inches in diameter, in 1842. During the succeeding winter this mast was bent about three feet from the perpendicular by the force of the sea; and in a storm in October 1844 it was broken off about four feet above the top of the cone. In July 1845 a second iron mast was fixed. The diameter was increased to nine inches, and that of the ball was reduced from six feet to four feet. This mast stood till the early part of 1848, when it was carried away. In August 1850 a third iron mast, of nine inches diameter, and supporting a ball of three feet diameter, was fixed, which withstood the force of the sea until it was taken down during the construction of the present lighthouse.

In 1860 the corporation of the Trinity House instructed their engineer, Mr. James Walker, to furnish designs and estimates for the erection of a lighthouse on the Wolf Rock; and Mr. James Nicholas Douglass, who subsequently succeeded Mr. Walker, was entrusted with the execution of the work as resident engineer. In consideration of the exposed situation of the rock, it was determined to dovetail and face the stones both vertically and horizontally, in accordance with the system suggested by the father of Mr. Douglass, which was first adopted at the Hanois lighthouse, Guernsey. From experiments made on work of this kind, when put together with Portland cement, it is estimated that the structure is so homogeneous as to be nearly equal in strength to solid granite. The need for

taking every precaution was illustrated by the fact that thirty-four stones of the fifth course, which it was found impossible to complete during the season of 1866, were carried away by a storm in the month of November of that year.

The height of the Wolf Rock lighthouse is one hundred and sixteen feet four inches, its diameter at the base forty-one feet eight inches, and that near the top seventeen feet. The work is solid, with the exception of containing a tank for fresh water, for forty feet in height, and above this level the walls decrease in thickness from seven feet nine and a half inches to two feet three inches. The outline of the tower is formed by an elliptical curve, and forty-five thousand five hundred feet of granite are contained in the masonry. The light is a revolving dioptric light of the first order, showing alternate flashes of red and white at half-minute intervals, and a five-hundredweight fog-bell is fixed on the lantern-gallery, and struck by two hammers, worked by independent machinery. The first survey for determining the exact position of the proposed tower was made on July 1, 1861. The last stone was laid on July 19, 1869. During the eight working seasons comprised between these dates two hundred and sixty-six landings were effected on the rock, and a total of eighteen hundred nine and a half hours' work had been secured. The light was first exhibited on January 1, 1870, and has been regularly displayed since. The total cost of the work was 62,676*l*.

In 1856 the dressed stones which were to form the granite base of a lighthouse which it was intended to erect on the Great Basses Rock off Ceylon, which lies eighty miles eastward of Point de Galle, and six miles from the nearest land, were landed and stored at Galle, having been prepared in England, together with the materials for erecting a cast-iron tower on the rock. The top of the rock selected as the site is six feet above high water, and the rise of the tide is only three feet. An English engineer went out as resident for the work; but after three years only a few landings on the rock had been successfully accomplished; and nothing had been effected but the erection of a beacon-mast sixty feet high, and the marking out the site for the lighthouse. The second or revised estimate for this work was 34,000*l*. By 1863, 40,000*l*. had been expended; and the estimate, which was then formed, that the sum of 20,000*l*. a year for five years would be required for

the completion of the lighthouse, led to the abandonment of the works for a time. The work was afterwards put in the hands of Mr. J. N. Douglass, the engineer to the Trinity House; and Mr. William Douglass, the resident engineer, obtained shelter for the workmen from the surf by the simple plan of building, in quick-setting cement, a brick wall three feet high and two feet thick around the seaward side of the foundation. It can hardly be said of the erection of a lighthouse, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*; but the difficulties may be said to increase in a very high ratio together with the depth of the foundation below the highest point attained in the locality by the waves. In his first season Mr. Douglass secured thirty-six landings on the rock and two hundred and twenty hours' work; and by the close of the third season the tower was complete in stone.

The qualities of undaunted courage, and ready power of adaptation of expedients to emergency, are not all that are required of the lighthouse-builder. He must be a practical workman of the first ability; and he must also be able to grasp the scientific elements of the great problem of which his work is to form a practical solution. As to this, indeed, the scientific world owes very much to the Messrs. Stevenson for their scientific analyses, no less than for the examples set by them of successful work. No other builder has to resist the forces which assail the lighthouse. We leave out of consideration the construction of fortresses. That is a special subject. The object of the military engineer is to hold out to the last hour, being fully aware that it is only a question of time when his strongest work will succumb under a continuous fire. The lighthouse-builder has not only to outlast the storm, but to do so with unimpaired and unshaken structure. He cannot afford to yield an inch. The slightest breach in his defence may, and if unrepaired in time certainly will, prove fatal. He has therefore to exercise the utmost care, both as to the materials and as to the form of his work, as well, as was before said, as to the manner of binding the materials into one compact mass.

The primary fact which renders the stability of a sea-tower possible is the excess of the weight of the mass of the tower over that of the largest mass of water that can be hurled against it. In the case of a timber structure, there is no such excess of weight. The stability then depends alone on the adhesive force

of the material, and on the strength with which it can be anchored to the ground. For this reason, not only timber structures, but those supported on iron tubes, have proved unfit to sustain the highest strains caused by the waves. Cast iron is nearly six times as heavy as water, and cast-iron blocks, dovetailed together, would no doubt form the most perfect base for a sea-tower, unless the yet heavier substance of lead were employed in the same way. But a tower constructed of cast-iron plates, an inch thick, even if filled up with brickwork or with concrete, will not have a weight in the mass quite double that of water. Aberdeen granite, in blocks, weighs 2·7 times its bulk of water; and limestones exist of yet superior specific gravity. The selection of the heaviest stone that can be provided, and its application in the largest and most perfectly-fitted blocks, is thus the first requisite for the basis of a sea-tower.

Bulk as well as weight must be proportioned to the resistance required. We have seen that the action of the sea is such, according to the opinion of competent men, as at times to form a vacuum round a lighthouse. The ordinary pressure of the atmosphere is equal to nine-tenths of a ton on the square foot; and there must be a sufficient strength in the chambered part of the tower to resist a disruptive force of that amount. As to resistance to force from without, the power of the waves has been measured at nearly three times that pressure, or at six thousand pounds per square foot of exposed surface. This force, however, can only be expected fully to act near the foot of the tower, or on the part where the masonry is solid. Mr. Stevenson has calculated the weight of a cylindric block of granite, twenty-five feet in diameter, and ten feet high, at three hundred and eighty tons. The effect of a wave on such a cylinder would be equal to that exerted on a flat surface of half the area, that is to say, on one hundred and twenty-five square feet. This, at the maximum registered force of six thousand pounds per foot, would be about three hundred and thirty-five tons. But to displace the cylinder, it must either be overturned or slid along its base. Its form, in the case supposed, would offer a resistance, equal to two and a half times its weight, to the attempt to overturn it. And the sinking of the foundation into the solid rock would render sliding still more difficult. Thus a solid base of masonry, rising above the highest point directly assaulted

by the full fury of the sea, may be the support of a chambered tower that shall give adequate accommodation for the keepers of the light.

The general proportions of a sea-tower are regulated by two considerations. One is, the distance at which it is desirable that the light shall be seen. The other is, the amount of room required for stores, and for the service of the light. In the case of the Skerryvore lighthouse, the design was to exhibit a light which should be visible at a distance of eighteen miles, and which must therefore be about one hundred and fifty feet above high water. The void space required for the service was taken at thirteen thousand cubic feet. The diameter of the hollow part of the tower was therefore calculated on that understanding.

In Smeaton's Eddystone lighthouse the radius of the base at high-water level is somewhat less than one-fifth of the height of the tower above that level. In the Bell Rock lighthouse it is little more than one-seventh. At low water the corresponding radii would be respectively about one-fourth and one-fifth of the height. At Skerryvore, at about four feet above high water, a radius of twenty-one feet was the largest attainable on the rock. The internal diameter, above the solid part, is twelve feet; the solid part of the tower rises to twenty-six feet above the lowest course; and the walls above this diminish from a thickness of 9·58 feet to that of two feet at the top, giving an external diameter at top of sixteen feet.

The question of the proper form to be given to the taper of the tower has been so thoroughly investigated by Mr. Stevenson, that he may be considered to have placed on a certain basis the rule that the outline ought to form an hyperbolic curve. As compared with a simple cone, of the same height, and the same top and bottom diameters, the economical advantage of the hyperbolic form is as much as thirty per cent. of the cost of a conical tower. The conchoidal, parabolic, and logarithmic curves were at the same time investigated by Mr. Stevenson; and their economical advantages were proved to range, in the order in which they are here mentioned, between the hyperbolic and the conical sections.

While there can be no doubt that in the case of a sea-beaten site it is the duty of the engineer to employ the heaviest and most solid stone available for the construction of a light-tower, it must not be



forgotten that under some circumstances the carriage and landing of large stones is a matter of extreme cost and difficulty, and that it may be possible to rear a framework basis, of wood or of iron, where it might not prove feasible to attempt a stone tower. Such was the case with the coral reefs of Ushruffa and the Dædalus, in the Red Sea; on which, in 1860-63, framed wrought-iron towers of great ingenuity of construction were erected by Mr. William Parkes, under the joint direction of the Board of Trade, the Egyptian Government, and the directors of the Peninsula and Oriental Company. These structures were reared on the surface of what resembles a gigantic stone cauliflower more closely than anything else to which it can be compared. The carriage of wrought stone to the spot would have caused an excessive expense, and it was by no means certain that the reef would safely support a very ponderous structure. There was no anchorage at either reef, and as all the materials had to be conveyed in boats of light draught from the ship to the site of the tower, the several portions required to be light enough to be easily handled. It is thus evident that these lighthouses are instances of great triumphs of the engineer over special difficulties.

The ingenious invention of the screw pile, by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, was applied, in 1838, to the foundation of a lighthouse on the Maplin Sands, by Mr. Walker. Each pile consists of an iron bar, of five or six inches in diameter, on which is welded a single turn of a wrought-iron screw, of four feet in diameter. Such a pile can be screwed with facility to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet into a sandbank: and as each screw will bear a weight of upwards of sixty tons, a foundation, as far as resistance to weight alone is concerned, may thus be very readily secured. The shifting nature of most sandbanks, however, has to be borne in mind; and a disaster that befell a work of this kind which was attempted at the Bishop's Rock, in 1850, and another which occurred on the Minot's Ledge, Boston Bay, have deterred engineers from adopting this cheap method on exposed situations.

The late Mr. Alexander Gordon was the advocate of cast-iron towers for lighthouses. A description of one of these structures, which was erected on Gibbs' Hill, in the Bermudas, will be found in Vol. IX. of the "Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers." The height

of that tower was one hundred and five feet nine inches. Its external shell was composed of one hundred and thirty-five curved plates of cast iron, varying from one inch to three quarters of an inch in thickness, bolted together by means of flanges. The bottom of the tower, for twenty feet in height, was filled with concrete. The upper portion was divided into seven landings, or stories, independently of the lantern. Great economy is claimed for this mode of building; and, for inland towers, which are not exposed to the impact of the waves, perhaps the chief objection to its adoption arises from the perishable nature of a cast-iron plate, a substance which decays both from rust and from galvanic action, and is especially treacherous when brought into contact with lime, or mortar containing lime. The experience of the Great Basses Rock is enough to show that, even as a temporary shield, an iron shell is not to be relied on for an exposed situation. And the inferior solidity of a block of cement encased in an iron shell, as compared with a solid structure of grooved, tongued, and dowelled stone, is such as to put the use of the former method of building for a sea-tower entirely out of the field of discussion.

While the genius and perseverance of the engineer are taxed to their utmost in the task of rearing a solid and durable tower on a rock exposed to the full fury of the stormy seas, but half of his work is done when the building is completed. Another order of phenomena has yet to be studied. Another branch of physical science has to be perfected in theory, and reduced from theory to practice. The object of the sea-tower is to support a light, and the method of maintaining the best light, sending its beams with a full intensity in the required direction, and finally giving to the rays not only a warning, but a telegraphic power, has been the subject of the long and patient study of a number of illustrious men.

The growth of commerce, and the constant increase in the number of lighthouses on the more frequented coasts which is demanded by the increase of maritime activity, continually cause a demand for greater variety in the appearance of lights, in order to prevent disaster by the mistake of one lighthouse for another, situated at no very great distance. The lighthouse towers of the last century, though useful as points of direction by day, were most imperfect guides by night.

The rude expedients [says Mr. David Stevenson] adopted at that early period to give light to the sailor in a dark and moonless sky present a very curious contrast to the modern system of lighthouse illumination—the result of careful study by modern philosophers and engineers. If proof of this be wanted, we have only to refer to the twenty-four miserable candles, unaided by reflectors or any other optical contrivances, which shed their dim and uncertain light from Smeaton's famous Eddystone tower for nearly half a century after it was built.

Even the protection of a glazed lantern was a novelty in the time of Smeaton. The great *Tour de Corduan* on the coast of France was lighted by blazing faggots of wood, burned in an open *chauffer*. Down to the year 1816 as much as four hundred tons of coal was annually consumed on the top of a stone tower, forty feet in height, on the Isle of May. This was one of the best coal fires in the United Kingdom. Three men were employed to tend it, and there was no want of due outlay for its support. But the beacon was dependent for its efficacy on the weather, and the light was least visible when its warning ray was most urgently needed. Its appearance was ever varying, now shooting up in high flames, and then enveloped in dense volumes of smoke. In violent gales the fire only burnt on the leeward side of the *chauffer*, or iron basket, in which the coal was consumed; and the keeper was in the habit of putting his hand through the windward bars of the *chauffer* to steady himself while he supplied the fire with coals; so that in the direction in which it was most required, hardly any light was visible. Irregularity of light is a greater source of danger than the total absence of a beacon: a fact which was disastrously illustrated by the loss of H.M. ships "Nymphen" and "Pallas," on December 19, 1810, on the coast of Haddington, owing to the light of a limekiln having been mistaken for the coal fire of the Isle of May.

About the year 1780 Mr. Thomas Smith, a merchant and shipowner of Dundee, who was also an ingenious mechanic, directed his attention to the improvement of lighthouses, by substituting lamps provided with mirrors for the open fire. In 1786 the Chamber of Commerce, after considering a plan laid before them, resolved "that while they allowed much ingenuity to Mr. Smith's suggestions, they were of opinion that a coal light should be continued." In 1811 an appa-

ratus invented by Mr. Robert Stevenson was introduced at the Bell Rock lighthouse, as to the excellence of which Mr. David Stevenson, with a well-becoming filial pride, cites the testimony of the astronomer royal, Sir W. Airy, in 1861. After having visited the lighthouses both of Britain and of France, Sir William says ("Report of the Royal Commission on Lighthouses," 1861, p. 86), with regard to the parabolic reflectors in use in the lighthouse of Girdleness, in Aberdeen-shire: "I remarked in them that, by a simple construction, which I have not seen elsewhere, great facility is given for the withdrawal and safe return of the lamps, for adjusting the lamps, and for cleaning the mirrors." He adds at the close of his report: "It is the best lighthouse that I have seen."

In 1811 a commission on lighthouses was appointed in France, and at the request of M. Arago, who joined the board in 1813, M.M. Fresnel and Mathieu were associated with him in conducting the necessary researches and experiments. In September 1822, the commission adopted a report drawn up by Admiral de Rossel, which contained a programme for the lighting of the entire seaboard of France on the system invented by Fresnel. In a paper "On Optical Apparatus used in Lighthouses," by Mr. James T. Chance, which was read at the Institution of Civil Engineers on May 7, 1867, it is stated that at that time, out of forty-nine sea-lights proposed in the report, only two had been modified in their character; and the employment of metallic reflectors for sea-lights in France had been reduced to the single instance of a secondary lighthouse at Pontailac, near the mouth of the Gironde.

The improvement, which will be ever honorably associated with the name of Augustin Fresnel, consisted in the substitution of glass refractors for metallic reflectors, or, as it is called, of the dioptric for the catoptric system. Buffon, in 1748, had proposed to form a *lens à échelons* out of a solid piece of glass, for the purpose of a burning-glass; and Condorcet, in 1788, had improved on Buffon's idea (which had probably been suggested by the tradition of the burning-mirrors employed by Archimedes) by suggesting that the burning-lens should be constructed of separate rings. Fresnel was the first to apply the lens effectively as a lighthouse instrument. His lens is plano-convex, a form probably first adopted for the sake of facility of execution, but

which is also the best shape for optical reasons. The only spherical surface in the lens is that of a central disc. This is surrounded by concentric rings, of which the outer or convex surfaces are annular, the arcs being so small as to cause convergence of the light towards or divergence from the same central point, which is that in which the lamp is placed. Fresnel's first compound lens was thirty inches square, subtending an angle of forty-five degrees with the focus, both vertically and horizontally, the focal distance being 36·22 inches. The lens now used in a light of the first order has the same horizontal extent, but subtends  $57^{\circ}$  vertically, so that the emerging rays form a parallel beam occupying about 47·7 per cent. of the whole luminous sphere.

For a complex dioptric apparatus of so admirable a nature a more powerful flame than any which had at that time been produced was requisite. MM. Arago and Fresnel, availing themselves of an idea of Count Rumford, succeeded in constructing a lamp on the principle of the Argand burner, but containing four concentric annular wicks, between and within which the air was admitted to feed the flame. Oil was supplied to these wicks by a pump, on the principle to which Carcel gave his name. The constant overflow of the oil, and the proper regulation of the ingress of cool air, prevent the too rapid volatilization of the oil and the deposit of carbon on the wick. The combustion thus produced is so perfect that an equal quantity of oil produces a greater amount of light when burned in the four-wicked lamp than if it were burned in separate Argand or Carcel lamps. Thus, if the French unit of light be adopted, which is that of a Carcel lamp twenty millimètres in diameter, burning forty grammes of colza oil per hour, it is ascertained that the four-wicked lamp will give the light of twenty-three Carcel lamps, with the consumption of seven hundred and sixty grammes of oil per hour—a quantity which would only feed nineteen independent lamps; thus giving an increase of efficacy of more than twenty-one per cent. Thus the burner which for so many years has been successfully adopted in France is the production of the combined skill and ingenuity of a group of inventors. The idea of the multiple burner was that of Count Rumford. To make it feasible it was necessary for Argand to contribute the double current, Lange the constriction of the glass chimney, Carcel the mechanism for

the abundant supply of oil, and Arago and Fresnel the combination of these several independent improvements.

The Fresnel system was introduced into Scotland by the late Mr. Alan Stevenson, who placed the first dioptric fixed light displayed on the British coasts on the Isle of May lighthouse in 1856; the Commission of the Northern Lighthouses thus having been in advance of the Corporation of the Trinity House in introducing this valuable invention into Great Britain.

A further intensity in the useful beam of light has been produced by the combination of reflection with refraction. There is a limit beyond which the latter mode of deflecting light becomes wasteful for optical reasons. It occurred to Fresnel to employ reflecting zones above and below the refracting belt of a fixed light. Mr. Alan Stevenson, however, was the first to apply horizontal reflecting zones to a dioptric apparatus of large dimensions. He introduced them in the lower portion of the revolving light fixed at Skerryvore, where they were for the first time in use in February 1843. The apparatus was made by M. François Soleil, of Paris. In 1849 Mr. Thomas Stevenson proposed the application of reflecting prisms which should have a lenticular action, the counterpart of that of the dioptric lens. These prisms were first introduced by Messrs. Stevenson in Horsburg lighthouse, near Singapore, where the light was first thus shown to the mariner in October 1851. Those of our readers who wish for further details as to the catadioptric lights, as they are termed, as to the parabolic metallic reflectors, which are still employed in nearly half of our sea-lights, or as to the azimuthal condensing system of Mr. Thomas Stevenson, will find much information on the subject in Mr. Chance's able but wholly technical paper.

It is highly instructive, as showing how necessary it is to add the most careful supervision of practical inspectors to the most perfectly executed apparatus, to add a statement made by Admiral Ryder, a member of the Royal Commission on Lights, on the occasion of the discussion of Mr. Chance's paper. The Island of Bermuda is beset by dangerous rocks. It is provided with a first-class revolving dioptric light, and it is most important that this light should do its duty thoroughly. At a considerable distance from the island the admiral duly sighted the light. But, to his surprise, when he had anchored in the basin, at a distance of

four miles from the lighthouse, no flash was visible from the deck of the "Hero," the line-of-battle ship which he commanded. His eye was then about thirty-four feet above the level of the sea; and it was not until a height of eighty feet was reached by a midshipman, who was sent up the rigging for that purpose, that the flash was properly seen. The admiral visited the lighthouse, and found that the keeper prided himself on the small quantity of oil which he burned. The result was the production of a paltry little flame, of not more than an inch and a half in height, the best part of which was considerably below the focus of the burner, so that the beam of light was directed upwards, and only became visible at a considerable distance. The lamp was raised three-eighths of an inch, and the keeper directed to burn as much, instead of as little, oil as possible; and as soon as this was done a splendid flash was seen from the deck of every vessel in the basin.

We have spoken of the construction of light-towers, and of the successive improvements made in the protection and in the direction of the light. The advance made in the mode of producing the light is not less marked, and it has recently made a giant's step. Until late in the last century, as we have seen, wood or coal fires were employed for the beacons of the mariner. In 1696, tallow candles were adopted in the first Eddystone tower, and about 1763, rude, flat-wick, oil lamps, combined with reflectors made of small facets of silvered glass, were employed at the Liverpool lighthouses, at the suggestion of William Hutchinson, a master mariner of that port. The cylindrical wick, admitting air to the interior of the flame, was the invention of Argand, a native of Geneva, and dates about 1780. We have seen how the simple Argand has been displaced by the concentric fourfold wick of Augustin Fresnel. Coal-gas was proposed as a source of light for lighthouses in 1823 by Signor Aldini, of Milan. In 1865 it was applied to the lighthouse at Howth Bailey, in the Bay of Dublin, and subsequently to seven lighthouses on the Irish coasts. Since 1872 it has been on trial at the Haisbro' lighthouses, on the coast of Norfolk. In 1837 the invention of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, called the Bude light, which is produced by the admission of oxygen gas to a flame derived from the combustion of fatty oils, was tried at the Orford lighthouse. Its intensity was found to be two and a half times that of the light-

house oil flame of the same dimensions, but the increased cost was such as to prevent the adoption of the plan. The Drummond, or lime, light was tried at the South Foreland lighthouse in 1862, but the results were not such as to lead the Trinity House to adopt it, in spite of its great intensity. The attempt made by Nollet to utilize the discovery made by Faraday in 1831, that a magnet could be made to produce a current of electricity by decomposing water by means of a magneto-electric machine, in order to produce the oxygen and hydrogen required for the lime light, led to the construction by Holmes of the first magneto-electric machine of sufficient power to produce electric light of intensity adequate to the purpose of lighthouse illumination. Trials of the machine of Holmes were made under the direction of Faraday, who was scientific adviser to the Trinity House, in 1857; and on December 8, 1858 (which, by a curious coincidence, is the *fête* day of the great protectress of the mariner in Roman Catholic countries), the electric light, produced by permanent magnets, was first shown on the sea from the South Foreland lighthouse. Thus was the magnet employed, not only to furnish a guide to the course of the mariner by the phenomena of polarity when carried on board ship, but also to warn him of the hidden danger of the shore by the conversion of its subtle agency into light.

The lamp or burner used by Holmes and by Faraday was designed by Duboscq, and the carbons were maintained at their proper distance by hand. In 1847 Staite invented a lamp in which the upper carbon was caused to descend towards the lower carbon, which was fixed by a combination of electric agency and of clock-work. Serrin produced the first complete automatic lamp for alternating currents.

In 1862 a Holmes lamp was fixed on the Dungeness lighthouse, replacing eighteen sperm-oil lamps, which had been substituted for a coal fire in 1792. A small dioptric apparatus of the sixth order was provided, in place of 21-inch paraboloidal reflectors. The early experience of the light was discouraging. Frequent interruptions occurred; and the old oil lamps had occasionally to be relighted. The cost was almost exactly three times that of the old light. But if the quantity of light emitted was taken as the basis of comparison, the cost of the electric light was only eleven per cent. more than that of the oil flame.

No further steps were taken by the

Trinity House for the introduction of the electric light until 1866, when favorable reports were received from the French lighthouse authorities as to the satisfactory working of the system for the two fixed lights at Cape la Hève, established respectively in 1863 and 1865. In consequence of this information, under the advice of their engineer, Mr. James Nicholas Douglass (from whose communication to the Institution of Civil Engineers in March 1879 we take the above-mentioned details), the Trinity House obtained a pair of Holmes's improved machines, with a pair of five-horsepower condensing steam-engines to drive them, as well as a dioptric apparatus for fixed lights of the third order, for a new lighthouse about to be erected on Souter Point, between Sunderland and Shields. The apparatus was sent by the Trinity House to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and the light was exhibited every evening on a scaffolding one hundred and twenty feet high, from a cylindrical lantern of ten feet diameter. In 1870 the lighthouse was completed; and the electric light was first exhibited from it in January 1871. The cost of this light, taking equal units of quantity for comparison, proved to be only 43·6 per cent. of that formerly incurred at Dungeness. The South Foreland lighthouses were lighted by electricity in January 1872, and the Lizard lighthouses in March 1878.

In France, according to the information given to Mr. Douglass by M. E. Allard, director-general of the lighthouses of France, the south lighthouse of Cape la Hève was first lighted electrically in December 1863, and the northern lighthouse in September 1865. In February 1869 a flashing electric light, showing a white flash at intervals of thirty seconds, was displayed at Cape Grisnez. The five lighthouses already mentioned in this country, and three in France, are all in which the electric light has yet been established, with the exception of one at Odessa and one at Port Said. But a new electric lighthouse is in course of erection on the Isle of Planier, opposite Marseilles, which is expected to be lighted this year; and the commissioners of French lighthouses have decided that the Palmyre lighthouse, at the mouth of the Gironde, shall receive the electric light. M. Allard states as his opinion that this system will be extended to a great number of lighthouses on the coast of France.

If the views now advocated by Dr.

Siemens and Sir W. Thomson as to the transmissibility of the electric current in large quantity be found practically available, the application of the electric light to lighthouse illumination will receive an extraordinary stimulus, as the motor power can, in that case, be exerted on the land.

The scheme proposed by the first French Lighthouse Commission, as we learn from a little pamphlet on group-flashing lights, which was published in 1875 by Dr. Hopkinson, admitted but three distinctions, viz., fixed lights, and revolving lights with flashes at the intervals of sixty, or of thirty, seconds. At present, the French system comprises quick-flashing lights, revolving lights with red flashes alternating with white, and fixed lights varied by flashes. Of the last there are now twenty-three on the French coasts. The requisite qualities of a good light are thus indicated by Dr. Hopkinson. The characteristic appearance of the light must be maintained at all distances, and in all states of the weather in which it can be seen at all. The distinctions between neighboring lights should be as simple and easy to apprehend as possible. In cases of variable lights the light must not be too long obscured; the duration of the flash should be enough to allow of taking the bearings of the light; and the successive phases should be passed through in a reasonable period of time. To this it may be added that the introduction of red light, where equally good distinction can be otherwise obtained, is objectionable on the ground of economy. The loss of illuminating power, in passing through the medium which arrests all but the red rays, is stated by Dr. Hopkinson at 63·66 per cent. If red and white flashes are combined, the portion of light devoted to each flash must be such that they shall have equal penetrating power. Thus considerable complication in arrangement is involved by the introduction of the red flash.

The final touch, so far as we have as yet advanced, to the self-distinguishing action of the lighthouse, has been put by Sir William Thomson, to whom telegraphy is already indebted for that imponderable scale beam which is formed by the refraction of a pencil of light from a slowly travelling mirror. Sir William has introduced that best form of alphabetic indication which has already superseded the more ancient types handed down to us, through the Greeks and Romans, from the Phœnicians — namely, the Morse code.



The extreme simplicity of the combination of two movements, whether of light or of sound — one short and one long — to indicate letters, is such as to approach the limit of conceivable excellency. The flashes of a lighthouse can be so combined, by the use of thirty-second or of sixty-second intervals, or of flashes of proportionate length of duration, as to telegraph perpetually through the darkness the initial letter of the name of the lighthouse. Thus an uninterrupted succession of short flashes would denote the letter E, the initial of the Eddystone. Three short flashes, followed by a longer interval of obscuration, would show S, for Skerryvore. A long flash, followed by three short ones, would give B, for the Bell Rock. In this mode, if more than one initial were signalled where there might otherwise be any doubt, every lighthouse in the world might be made to announce, not only its presence, but its name, to the mariner.

The object of Sir Travers Twiss, in a paper read at the Seventh Annual Conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, has been to advocate international conventions for the maintenance of sea-lights. Scanty notices are found in writers on public law on the subject of lighthouses. Vattel, Sir Travers Twiss tells us, is silent on the subject. Azuni, writing in Italian in 1795, and G. F. von Martens, in a German treatise on the law of nations in 1796, deal briefly with the subject, following the views of Grotius, to the effect that it is within the right of all maritime States to require all vessels which enter their ports, or trade on their coasts, to contribute towards expenses necessary for maintaining the safety of the navigation.

The most recent indication of that common consent of civilized nations which is the foundation of public law, is afforded by the European treaty, under which Denmark has renounced her long-established practice of levying tolls upon all vessels passing through the Sound and the two Belts. The claim was a legacy of the Middle Ages. It rested on immemorial prescription, of which evidence is to be found in treatises written in the fourteenth century. It is not clear whether the origin of the practice is to be traced to the assertion of sovereign rights over the narrow passages between the North Sea and the Baltic, or whether it was regarded as a contribution towards the expense of maintaining the safety of navigation. In any case, the general treaty

of Copenhagen of March 15, 1857, records the assent of the signatory powers to the doctrine that it is the international duty of the State which controls the sea passages into the Baltic to maintain an efficient system of lighting the coasts and channels. Sweden, by a special treaty of even date, has engaged to maintain all lights necessary to facilitate the entrance into the Cattegat; and Denmark has guaranteed the vessels of the signatory powers of the treaties of Copenhagen from any charge on that account.

The lights on the seacoasts, lake coasts, and rivers of the United States are maintained out of annual appropriation made by Congress for that purpose. As much as thirty years ago, it appears from a correspondence between the United States minister, Mr. Abbot Lawrence, and Viscount Palmerston, the Federal government maintained two hundred and seventy lighthouses, thirty floating lights, and one thousand buoys, beside fixed beacons. Since that date the number of these aids to navigation has been largely increased, especially on the Pacific coasts; and no tax or rate is imposed on the vessels making use of the ports or harbors for light-dues. On the other hand, Turkey has farmed to a French company its light-dues, and the Egyptian government levies light-dues on vessels navigating the Red Sea. China, since 1860, has made steady progress in the lighting of her coasts. No separate light-dues are imposed; but all foreign vessels pay the same tonnage dues each time they enter a Chinese port, while coasting vessels pay them only once in three months. Japan, on the contrary, has followed the example of the United States of America, and makes no charge upon foreign vessels for lighting the intricate navigation of her coasts. A common tariff convention was entered into, on June 25, 1866, between Japan, Great Britain, France, the United States of America, and Holland, which contains an article binding Japan to light all those of her ports which are open to foreign trade. Half a million sterling has been spent by Japan in fitting up lighthouses and light-vessels, in pursuance of this treaty, during the seven years ending in 1875. The list and description of the lighthouses of the world occupies one hundred and sixty-eight closely-printed pages, with some twenty-five entries on each page.

The need of common accord between the maritime nations for lighting all points dangerous to navigation, whatever may

be the sovereignty of the adjacent shores, is illustrated by this learned writer on the "law of nations" by the case of the entrance to the Gulf of Aden. At present, after losing sight of the English light on the Isle of Perim, or of the English light at Aden (as the case may be), the great ocean steamers that have come through the Suez Canal, and are eastward bound, can sight no lighthouse before they see the English light on Cape Comorin, or the English lights on the southern end of Ceylon. In the highway between the two lighted points lies the dangerous island of Minicoy, one of the Laccadive group, on which one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers has already been wrecked. A light is greatly wanted on Minicoy Island; and it will be necessary that the light-tower shall have a lofty height, so as to overtop the coconut palms which are cultivated on that island. Further eastward the unlit coasts of Torres Straits and the Arafura Sea are "dotted with dangers," and are traversed by English, French, Dutch, and German vessels. To the need of international concurrence for this object Sir Travers Twiss very cogently refers.

That the sultan of Morocco and Fez should have exchanged his former evil fame for causing the terrors of the Barbary coast for the credit of the discharge of the duty of lighting the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar, is one of those remarkable incidents which accentuate the advance of civilization in the past three hundred years. A treaty was signed at Tangier in 1865 between the sultan of Morocco and Fez, and Great Britain, France, Austria, Belgium, Spain, the United States of North America, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Sweden. Under this treaty his Sherifian Majesty has ordered the construction at his own expense of a lighthouse at Cape Spartel, providing a military guard for the same. The contracting powers contribute each 60*l.* per annum for the support and administration of the light, the establishment for which is under the direction of their representatives. If by similar means a lighthouse were to be erected to the north of Galeta Island, off the coast of Tunis, the Mediterranean highway to the East would be well lighted up. Sir Travers Twiss adds, in a note, the information that the French and the Tunisian governments have concluded an agreement for the erection of a lighthouse on the island of Galeta; and that a lighthouse, for which certain dues are charged

upon all vessels entering the Tunisian ports, has been erected at Cape Bon by the bey of Tunis. A scheme for supplying further lights in the Red Sea, between the iron lighthouse on the *Dædalus* shoal and the English light on the Isle of Perim, is under the joint consideration of the English and the French governments.

It seems clear that, of the three modes which have been successively introduced for the maintenance of lighthouses, the last is that to which the mariner will look forward with most confidence for the indication of danger in yet unlighted seas. The most ancient assertion of public law on the subject sanctioned the levying of tolls on all vessels entering the ports of a State which itself undertook the responsibility of lighting its own shores. On the coasts of the United States and of Japan, and under the British flag in the Bahama Islands, and at Cape Pembroke in the Falkland Islands, lights for which no charge is levied on the shipping are maintained by the respective governments. The Cape Spartel Convention establishes a new point of departure. It is most desirable that the example should be so followed as to point out the dangers of the shoal-water coast of Zanzibar, of the Mozambique Channel, which is swept by a strong current, and of the course to the eastward of Madagascar for the islands of Réunion and of Mauritius.

While the optical and photogenic inventions which have been so successfully applied to some of the most important sea-lights of France and of England, of which we have thus offered a brief notice, form a subject of the deepest interest for the scientific reader — full as the history of the past is of yet brighter promise for the future — it is the record of the manly fortitude and gallant struggles of the engineer with one of the mightiest powers of nature that throws around the sea-towers a halo of romance. The very spirit of the sea-kings might have inspired the builders of the sea-towers of Aberbrothock and of Skerryvore. Nor do the pages of fiction contain many scenes more stirring than are the simple accounts, given by more than one of a remarkable family of lighthouse-builders, of the great pains and peril undergone by those who undertake the noble duty of converting the hidden rocks and shoals of our coasts into the support of the best safeguards of the mariner from the dangers of our shores.

We feel compelled to make room for a reference to a long and important letter,

from Sir William Thomson; to the *Times*, which has been published since the preceding pages were in type. Returning from a cruise of ten days on board her Majesty's ship "Northampton" in the English Channel, Sir William writes to express the renewal of his conviction as to the need of a threefold reform in our lighthouse system. On two of these items of reform we have above spoken. We have shown the disadvantages attending on the use of colored screens, owing to the positive loss of light incurred. To this Sir William adds the caution that some four per cent. of our population are affected with color-blindness. He proposes the abolition of all colored lights, and the full carrying out of that beautiful method of indicating the initial letter of the name of every light by the Morse system of dots and dashes with which his name will ever be indissolubly connected.

But the point on which the advice of Sir William Thomson, given in a graphic dictum which has the very flavor of the salt water in its earnestness, is chiefly now to be re-echoed, is that of the rapidity to be given to the revolution of changing lights. He recently sighted the Wolf, and had come to the conclusion that the speed of revolution was enough, when he discovered that the quickness was the result of irregularity. In fifteen periods the intervals varied from nineteen to forty seconds, or from a third less to a fourth more than the time announced in the lighthouse notices. The distinctive value of a definite period in a revolving light is almost annulled by such irregularities as these. "Except in one unimportant case — the Dungeness low light, which flashes every five seconds — all the revolving lights of the English Channel are too slow, and it would be an unspeakable improvement if, with that exception, every one of them had its speed sextupled." We fully concur in Sir William Thomson's statement that the seafaring world ought not to be allowed to suffer from delay in gaining a great benefit, and are glad to have the opportunity of calling attention to his advice.

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#### ADAM AND EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

#### CHAPTER X.

THE sun was streaming into the window when Eve awoke with a sudden, con-

fused recollection of something having happened. She started to find Joan sitting on the edge of the bed, rubbing her half-open eyes. "Why, Joan," she exclaimed, "whatever time can it be? And do you know how you went to sleep last night? You never undressed yourself!"

"No," said Joan drowsily, "I know I didn't. What with one thing and 'nother, I couldn't get the rids of 'em till ever so late, and then I was so tired I'd no heart to take my things off."

"Look at your nice gown," said Eve, vexed that the pretty chintz should present such a bedraggled appearance.

"Iss, I s'pects 'tis in a proper cram," returned Joan; "but there! I can't help it. I must put on something else, I s'pose."

"Oh, I'll soon iron it out for you," said Eve; "so let's make haste and get our breakfast over. I s'pose uncle and Cousin Adam have gone?"

Joan by a nod of her head intimated that they had.

"What! to Guernsey again?" asked Eve.

"To Guernsey? No," said Joan — "not near so far. They'll be home again to-morrow, or maybe next day."

"But what made them go so sudden?"

"Well," said Joan, "I don't know that you'd be much the wiser if I was to tell 'ee, Eve; still, I don't see how you're to bide here without some word bein' said. Uncle was for trustin' 'ee altogether, only Adam wouldn't have it. He said 'twas enough for you that they was gone out pilotin'. Now you know, Eve, I'm measurin' you by my own bushel, and I know such talk wouldn't take me in, more partickler as I've got to ask 'ee to tell anybody that comes that you've never cast eyes on 'em."

"Adam must think I'm silly," said Eve indignantly.

"I don't know what he thinks," replied Joan. "I only know I ain't goin' to follow out his biddin' without seein' the reason for it, no more than anybody else's; besides, there's nothin' that I see to hide from 'ee, nor to be ashamed to tell 'ee of. What uncle brings he buys and pays honest money for, and if there's a risk in bringin' it, why he takes that risk; and if that isn't havin' a right to keep it if he can, why, I don't know nothin' about it, that's all."

"But what is it that he does bring?" said Eve.

"Why, sperrits, to be sure. 'Tis like this. They says, 'Here, you must pay

dooty.' 'No,' uncle says, 'I won't: I'll bring it dooty free.' Well, he does so, and if he can land it safe, well and good: 'tis his to sell or to drink, or to do what he likes with. But if the excise gets scent of it, down they come and tries to seize it all; and if they do seize it, 'tis gone, and so's the lives of any they catches with it. So no blame to 'em if they'm took hard, when each man knows the bit o' hemp's bein' growed to make the rope his neck's to swing by."

"Oh, Joan!" exclaimed Eve, "not hung! You don't mean that they'd hang them?"

"Iss, but they would. They hanged ole Israel Jago. 'Twas long afore any o' our times, but uncle minds it. His feyther—why, your grandfeather, then—was one o' they who went up to London with Israel's wife to try if they couldn't get an off; but 'twasn't o' no good."

"What did his poor wife do?" said Eve sympathetically. "Wasn't she in a dreadful way?"

"Well, I don't know," laughed Joan. "They do say her stayed waitin' outside the jail-doors all night, and in the mornin', 'stead o' biddin' un a last farewell, as they all thought her'd comed to do, her pushes into his hand a red cotton handkercher. 'There!' her says, 'take thickee and gie me thickee, for sure thee doesn't want a silk neckercher to be hanged in.'"

"What a dreadful woman, Joan!"

"No, her wasn't: her didn't leave no stone unturned to get un off; but, as her said, her knew then 'twas no more good: so what call was there to waste more than had bin 'pon un?"

"Well," said Eve gravely, "I'd rather live on dry bread and water, Joan, than have any one get their living in such a way as that. Why, I should never know a minute's peace. Each time they went away I should never expect to see them again."

"So you think," laughed Joan, "but you'll very soon get over that, and make as sure of their bein' back as if they was comin' by the mail-coach. Oh, it doesn't do to be fainty-hearted about anything. What is to be will be, I say, so there's no need to run out to meet trouble on the road. But, remember," she added, changing her voice to a graver tone, "you've a part to act to-day, Eve; and if the sodgers comes to search you must carry on with them as if there wasn't such a thing as a keg to be found for twenty miles around."

"But is there any hidden near here?"

asked Eve, determined to test how far Joan's confidence would extend.

"Come 'long down with me," said Joan, "and I'll show 'ee. Now, you see these walls," she continued after they had reached the sitting-room, which was rearranged in the same order in which Eve had first seen it: "well, the sides here and there are hollow, and will open behind this;" and she pointed to a recess in which stood a chest. "There's a hidin'-place, and there's another underneath the floor. They're all full o' liquor now, but when they'm empty again you shall see 'em. I'll get uncle to show 'em to 'ee, for it takes more than my strength to get 'em open."

Eve smiled. Turning, she took hold of Joan's hand. "No need for that," she said: "I've seen them already."

"You have?" exclaimed Joan. "Why, when?"

"Last night." And Eve related her adventures, and how in her fright she had had her curiosity satisfied.

"Well, I never did!" said Joan in amazement. "Only to think now! If I hadn't told 'ee what a sly one you'd ha' took me for!"

"No, I don't know that, but I am glad you trusted me, Joan. I don't think anybody need ever fear to do that."

"So I knew when I told 'ee," said Joan promptly; "and though I listened to what Adam said, I made up my mind all the time to follo' out my own mind. Women knows one another a deal better than the men ever finds 'em out; and right they should, too."

"I sha'n't forget Mr. Adam's opinion of me for one while," said Eve huffily.

"I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to him for thinking so ill of his own cousin."

"I don't know that I ever saw un think quite so much of any one before," answered Joan, looking wistfully at her. "Oh!" she exclaimed passionately, biting her lips and drawing in her breath, "I'd forgive anybody who'd make him mad in love, so that he'd no hold over hisself, but just showed what a fool he was, whether one or twenty stood by."

"Hasn't he ever cared for anybody, then?" asked Eve.

"Not he," said Joan; "there ain't ne'er a one in Polperro good 'nuf for un. There's they you'll hear tell up that Adam said this and told 'em the other; but what if he did? He hadn't got no manein' in it, and so they oft to know by this time."

"Then I don't think he has any right to act so," said Eve, pleased to make a hole of the slightest flaw in Adam's conduct. "I haven't much opinion of those who try to mislead others. Everybody ought to say what they mean, and mean what they say."

The earnestness with which this sentiment was delivered seemed to amuse Joan, and, beginning to laugh, she said, "I shall set you to talk to Jerrem when he comes back: 'tis he's the raskil with all the maidens 'bout here. And that minds me, Eve, 'bout that letter you said you'd write. Will 'ee do it some time to-day?"

"Yes, of course I will, if you'll tell me what uncle wants to say."

"Well, uncle thinks 'tis best it came from me, like, warnin' un not to take no notice, 'cos nothin' more than a trick was meant, and sayin' he's not to stop loiterin' there, but to come across back home to wance in anythin' he can get passage in. And," she added after a minute's reflection, "to soften it down a bit, you might say that we're all well, and that you'm here and have wrote the letter. That'll do, won't it?"

"Capitally," said Eve. "The best way will be for me to write out what you've said as I think, and then when it's done read it out loud to you."

This plan meeting with Joan's approval, Eve sat down, and, as soon as the necessary materials were supplied, commenced the epistle, which she worded as though it came from Joan. This pleased Joan mightily, and she stood leaning over Eve, watching her fold up the letter and direct it to Jeremiah Christmas at Louis Reinold's, Guernsey.

"Now you shall seal it yourself," said Eve, when all else was completed.

"Well, then, I must look for my thimble," said Joan, delighted that some portion of the performance was to be really her own, "'cos I haven't got no seal."

"Oh, but I have," said Eve: "I'll run and fetch it."

The seal was one which had hung on a watch that Reuben May had taken in exchange. It was of little value, but the old French motto, *Amour avec loiaulté*, had struck Reuben, and he had begged Eve to accept it.

The circumstance of its being wanted brought the donor to Eve's mind, and as she turned over her small hoard of treasures, seeking it, her conscience smote her for her forgetfulness of her friend. Since the morning after her arrival she could

not remember having cast a single thought in his direction. Those were not the days of universal letter-writing, so that though Eve had promised to send Reuben a letter and tell him how she found herself among her new relations, she did not intend, neither did he expect her, to write this until she was thoroughly settled down. Still she had never thought fresh faces could have so completely driven him from her mind, and she was trying to find some excuse for her apparent heartlessness when there came a sudden clatter of horses' hoofs.

"Eve, they'm here — the sodgers! Come down," called out Joan hurriedly.

Eve ran down with a scared face:

"Oh, Joan, what am I to say?"

"Why, nothin': seem as indifferent as you can. I didn't talk about it a purpose, 'cos you shouldn't go workin' yourself up. Just seem to take it all off-hand, and as if you thought it like their impidence to come anigh the place;" and, the sound drawing close, she caught up the towel she had a little time before laid down, and went on with her employment of washing the breakfast things. Another minute and the rap of something heavy sounded against the door.

"Come in!" cried Joan.

Rap, rap, rap! sounded more vigorously.

"Come in!" repeated Joan, in a louder tone.

"Sha'n't you open the door?" whispered Eve.

Joan was going to shake her head, but just at this moment the hatch was flung open, and a man's voice said, "I don't know whether you want me to come into your house, horse and all, young woman?" taking it for granted by the voice that the speaker was a woman, and a young woman.

"I don't want neither you nor your hoss," returned Joan; "so if you'm waitin' for a welcome from me, you'm both like to take root in the place where you be."

"Ah, I see: you know what we're after."

"Glad to hear I'm so sharp," retorted Joan. "I s'pose they've told 'ee 'twas a complaint that's catchin', that you'm all come peltin' down here alongs."

"We've come to catch something that it's no use your hiding, Mrs. Pert," laughed the man, a good-looking sergeant; "and we've a warrant to search the house in the king's name."

"'Tis very much to his Majesty's credit to be so curious about such humble folks," said Joan, with a look of saucy



defiance. "P'r'aps you'll ask un to send word next time, then we'll be a little better prepared for 'ee."

"Oh," laughed the man, "we take things as we find them; so pray, ladies, don't disturb yourselves on our account."

"Oh, are they going up-stairs?" exclaimed Eve, starting up as, the party having entered and divided, one of them opened the door which led to her room. "My! and I've left my workbox open and the things all about!"

"Well, go up with 'em," said Joan, "I don't know what they'm here for, but I s'pose 'tain't to demand our scissors and thimbles."

"I should be very sorry to demand anything but a kiss from two such pretty lassies," said the sergeant, who had remained in the room, bestowing a look of most undisguised admiration on Eve. "If you'll come up-stairs with me," he added, addressing her, "you'll see that nothing of yours shall be touched."

At a glance from Joan, Eve rose up to go, and then remembering that the letter lay on the table, she reached back to take it up, but the soldier's quick eye had anticipated her. "Allow me," he said, catching it from under her hand and reading the direction; "'Jeremiah Christmas—Louis Reinold's—Guernsey.' Oh! so Jeremiah's at Guernsey, is he? I've got a friend going there, and he'll be proud to take this for you;" and he made as if about to put the letter into his pocket.

Eve held out her hand. "Give it back to me," she said: "there's things in it," she added shyly, "I shouldn't care for anybody else to see."

"All the more reason why I should take care of it," replied the young man, only too well pleased to detain anything which might afford an opportunity of feeding the admiration the sight of Eve had filled him with.

"No, but it isn't anything to do with anybody here."

"Why, is it a love-letter, then? and is Jeremiah your sweetheart?"

"Don't answer him, Eve," exclaimed Joan with pretended indignation. "Let it go—I would: 'twon't take 'ee much trouble to write another. Far rather than spend words on such as think they'm doin' a fine mornin's work to try and cower two lorn maidens whilst their men's all out o' the way."

"Oh no, they're not," said the sergeant with a derisive smile. "We shall come upon the men presently, hiding under

the straw, or in the cupboards, or up the chimney, stored away with the kegs."

"Why, now, if somebody mustn't ha' split 'pon 'em!" said Joan, with a gesture of mock fear. "Here, Dick, Bill, Tom!" she cried, "do 'ee come 'long down: the sodgers is sent to sweep the chimleys, my dears."

"I don't think you can be one of this place," said the soldier, seeming to take no heed of Joan's banter. "You haven't got such a saucy tongue as most of the young women about here. Where might you come from?"

"From London," answered Eve, hoping to propitiate her interlocutor: "I have only been here a week."

"And how many sweethearts have you got in that time?"

"Not any: there hasn't been any to have. Besides, if there had, I"—and hesitating, she cast a wistful glance at the letter, exclaiming, "Oh, do give it to me!" with such an irresistible look of entreaty that the sergeant held the letter toward her saying, "I don't know that I've any right to keep it, though before I give it up I must know the name of its pretty owner. What are you called?"

"My name is Eve."

"Eve?" he repeated dubiously.

"Iss, and my name's Timersome," called out Joan. "Come, I know'd you was dyin' to know what I be called, only you'm too sheep-faced to ax the question."

"I'll tell you what it is"—he began, but at that moment the soldier from up-stairs came down, and, without waiting to conclude his speech, he turned hastily round, saying to Eve, "Now I am going up-stairs; so will you come and look after this workbox?"

Joan made a movement to let them pass, and Eve, taking the hint, followed the sergeant up-stairs. The plan of search seemed arranged so that while a certain number of the party were told off for the actual hunting about, the remainder were left to guard the rooms and the various exits and entrances of the house. In order that each one should stand his chance of discovery and be free from all suspicion of bribery and connivance, the men constantly changed posts, and so it happened that all had to run the gauntlet of Miss Joan's cutting remarks and sharp speeches; but they had a soldierly weakness for a saucy tongue with a pretty face, and took all she had to say so complaisantly that a strict disciplinarian might have accused them of a decided lack of

zeal in the performance of their duty. For want of knowing what else they could do, they stamped on the boards of the floors, opened the cupboards, pushed about the chairs and tables, made dives in and under the beds, and then, wondering if they were not there, where on earth they could be, began and did the very same thing over and over again.

In their hearts they wished the runners rather than themselves were set after this sort of game. It was not the business they cared to be up to, and would only turn all the people against them; which would not be so pleasant, seeing that not a landlord in Fowey, Looe, or Liskeard ever kept a score against a soldier. However, it would not do to be too lenient in their bearing; so to keep up appearances each fresh-comer knocked about the things, flung open the doors, and made grand discoveries of heaps of straw which turned out to be stored apples, and mysterious barrels which proved only salted pilchards.

The same thing, with slight variations, was gone through in each house they entered, until about one o'clock the sergeant decided it was of no use remaining longer. The goods were not to be found, the men had evidently not landed, and they had best get back to Fowey and leave the revenue cruiser the glory of a capture.

Joan, with her elbows leaning on the door-hatch, stood watching the little party take their departure. "Wish 'ee well, if you'm goin'," she called out saucily.

"Oh, don't break your heart about us, young woman," replied one of the men. "We shall be back again soon: 'twon't be long before you have the pleasure of our company again, so keep yer spirits up."

"Thank 'ee," said Joan: "what sperits us has got us generally tries to keep, though 'tis a hard matter agen such a knowin' set as you sodgers be."

"Ah, you're a saucy wench," laughed the sergeant, who had by this time ridden up. "I won't have nothing to say to you, but I must say good-bye to my pretty friend Eve. Where has she hidden herself to, eh?" and, stooping, he tried to catch sight of her; but Eve only drew herself farther back, and, the horse beginning to grow fidgety, the young fellow had to ride away without having accomplished his wish.

"There! let's run out and have a last look at 'em," cried Joan. "Good riddance to bad rummage!" she called out.

At the sound of her voice the soldier turned and flung back an answer, but he had gone too far: the words could not reach them.

"I can't tell what 'tis he's sayin' of," laughed Joan, her spirits rising as the sound of the retreating hoofs grew fainter. "'Twas somethin' 'bout you, I reckon, Eve," she added as they turned back into the house; "and hadn't he got somethin' held up in his hand a-dangling of? Whatever could it be, I wonder?"

#### CHAPTER XI.

FOR some time after the soldiers had taken their departure all was bustle and excitement. Neighbors ran in and out of each other's houses, telling and hearing of narrow escapes and many adventures. Friends laughed and joked over their thoughtlessness or their discretion: here a stray keg had been dropped into the pig's bucket, there one caught up and popped under the baby in the cradle. Every one grew bolder, their usual recklessness gaining strength as they saw how little they had to fear from such a set of Johnnie Raws as the unlucky searchers were universally voted.

"Well, now 'tis 'most time to think o' dinner," exclaimed Joan, sitting down almost exhausted with chattering and laughing.

"Oh, don't let's bother about getting dinner for us two," said Eve.

"All right!" replied Joan; "we'll just take what's to hand, and then we'll put on our things and go up alongs. I want to see how Ann Lisbeth's folks have got on; they'd got more stowed away than we have."

"But don't they never find any of it?" asked Eve.

"Not in the houses — they never have. Back 'longs in the summer there was a pretty good find in the standin' corn near Landaviddy, but, though they seized the kegs, they couldn't tell who'd put 'em there."

Eve gave a shake of her head. "I can't bring my mind to think it's exactly right," she said. "I wish uncle had nothing to do with it. Couldn't he give it up if he liked?"

"He could, so far as money goes," answered Joan; "but, Lord! he never will, and I don't see neither why he should. Everybody must get their livin' one way or 'nother; and, as he often says, 'tis child's play now compared to the wartime. Then you never did know when you'd see 'em again. What with bein' pressed into

the king's ships or taken off to French prisons, 'twas a terrible time of it."

"Has uncle ever been in prison?" asked Eve.

"I should think he had, and never expected to get out agen neither; but they managed it, and he and three others broke out one night and got clear off. And 'twould make your blood run cold to hear of all they went through — how they'd to lie all day long hid away in the ditches, half dead with hunger and cold: then as soon as night came they'd push on, though where to they couldn't tell, only 'twas toward the sea."

"But how ever did they live through it?" said Eve. "Had they got any money with them?"

"Not a penny-piece; and if they had, 'twouldn't ha' been o' any use, for they couldn't spake the tongue, and durstn't ha' gone anighst a shop, 'cos o' bein' knawed as prisoners o' war wherever they shawed their faces."

"How did they manage, then?"

"Well, uncle says to this day 'tis more than he can tell; but manage they did, and to reach the watter-side too; and then they watched and watched, and at last a boat comes in sight, with a young French chap rowin' his sweetheart and makin' for the shore. Well, they lands; and then, by what uncle could make out, the maid persuaded the young man to see her a bit on her way home. So he looks round, and seeing the coast clear and nobody nigh, he hauls up the boat, stows away the oars, and off they goes; and then 'twas oh be joyful, and no mistake, with th' other poor sawls. They didn't take long afore they was out o' their hiding-place, afloat, and clean out o' sight o' land and everybody 'pon it; and there they was tossin' about for I can't tell 'ee how long, and had given up all for lost, and made sure to the bottom of the say they must all go, when all to wonce a vessel hove in sight, and after a bit picked 'em up; and somehow the capen, though 'twas a French privateer, was got over to land 'em at Jersey, and from there they got on to Plymouth, and so comed back safe and sound after all."

"Oh," exclaimed Eve, "after one escape like that I'd never have gone to sea again — never!"

"Lor' bless 'ee! iss you would," said Joan decidedly. "Why, only see what a muddlin' life 'tis for a man to be stoppin' ashore week in and week out. He grows up a reg'lar cake, like that Sammy Tucker o' ourn, one side half baked and t'other

forgot to be turned. Here, I say, Eve," she exclaimed with sudden emphasis, "us 'll have to go up and see mother agen, or else the place won't hold her. I wonder her hasn't bin down before now: her's generally purty nimble when anythin' o' this sort's goin' on."

"She doesn't approve of it at all, does she?" said Eve.

"So she says," returned Joan.

"But why should you think she says what she doesn't mean, Joan?"

"Because she don't act consistent: no more don't none of 'em up there. Mother's very high and mighty in her talk 'gainst smuggled goods and free-tradin', but she'd be in a nice quandary if she didn't get her tea cheap and her sperrits for next to nothin'; and after arguin' with me for the whole afternoon 'pon the sin and wickedness o' such ways, her'll say, 'Mind, Joan, the next lot o' chaneys uncle gets I wants a match to my plates, an' you can set a bowl or so aside for me to look at.'"

"What! does uncle bring china too?" said Eve.

"Not exactly bring it," said Joan, "but he often gets it out o' the homeward-bound Injiamen and ships comin' up Channel. They'm glad enough to get rid of it before the custom-house gentry catches sight of it. There was some talk of their getting somethin' this time. I wish they may: then we should come in for pickin's."

Eve smiled. "Why, what should I do with china?" she said.

"Oh, but 'tisn't only chaneys. There's chintz and silk and crape shawls, and lots of beautiful things. We'd find 'ee somethin' you'd know what to do with: 'sides, you ain't always goin' to wear black, you know, and some o' the chintzes is sweet and purty, sure 'nuf."

"I sha'n't leave off my black for many a long day to come, if ever," said Eve gravely. "Why," she added, smiling, "I shouldn't know myself for the same in such finery as you wear, Joan."

"Oh, wait a bit," said Joan significantly. "Time 'll tell: we shall see what we shall see."

"No," returned Eve resolutely, "you'll never see any difference in me. I ain't one to change. What you see me to-day you'll find me to-morrow."

The necessity for going into the kitchen to seek what remained for their substitute for dinner created a diversion in the conversation. Some minutes elapsed, and then Joan reappeared, laden with the rem-

nants of a squab-pie, some potted conger, and a couple of good-sized apple pasties.

"There! this 'll do," she said, setting the dishes down on the table which Eve had made ready. "I don't want much, do you?"

"No: I could have gone till tea-time," said Eve.

"Oh, I think us 'll have our tea out some place: 'twill make a change, and there's lots has asked me to bring 'ee."

This decided, they sat down to their meal, laughing and chatting with that unflagging loquacity which is natural to young girls with light hearts and unclouded spirits. The events of the morning were still naturally uppermost in their minds, and Joan commenced rallying Eve on the evident impression she had made on the young sergeant.

"I never thought he'd ha' given 'ee the letter agen," she said. "Oh my! I did have a turn when I seed it in his hand."

"So had I," said Eve. "I made certain he was going to put it in his pocket."

"So he was till you give him that innocent look;" and Joan tried, by casting down her eyes and raising them again, to give a comical imitation. "Lord!" she laughed, "I wish to goodness I could do it! Wouldn't I gammon 'em all?"

"But I didn't mean nothing particular," protested Eve. "I only looked up quite natural."

"Natural or no, it melted his heart, or whatever sodgers has got in the room of it."

"I think you're all too hard on the poor soldiers," said Eve. "If they do come searching, 'tisn't on their own account: 'tis only because it's their duty."

"Oh, well, then, let 'em take their dooty some place else," laughed Joan, "for in Polperro 'tis sperrits dooty free and men free o' dooty."

"I think the men certainly make free enough," said Eve.

"Why, how?" returned Joan. "You haven't hardly seen any of 'em yet—'ceptin'," she added after a pause, "'tis Adam. Was it he you was meanin', Eve?"

Eve blushed: "Oh, I don't know that I meant him in particular, though I do think he makes much more free than he need to."

"In what way? Do 'ee mean by offerin' to kiss 'ee?"

"Well, yes."

"But you let un when you two was out together last night?" said Joan, half questioningly.

"No, indeed I didn't," replied Eve decidedly.

"What, didn't he try to?" continued Joan.

"Whatever he may have tried he didn't get," said Eve, the color heightening on her face.

"Well, I never did!" exclaimed Joan.

"I wouldn't ha' believed any maid alive could ha' baffled Adam."

"Why not?" and Eve assumed an expression of great surprise. "Can't you refuse him what you don't want to give him?"

"Oh," said Joan with laughing bitterness. "I'm his cousin, my dear. He don't ask nothin' of me: what he wants he takes."

"I'm his cousin too," said Eve, setting her mouth firmly, "but he'll never do that with me."

"Awh, don't you make too sure o' that," said Joan. "Others ha' thought the same afore now, but Adam's proved one too many for 'em."

"You speak as if everybody must give way to Adam," exclaimed Eve. "Why, Joan, quite as good men as Adam have been forced into falling in love, and with no hope of having it returned, neither."

"Iss, but had they got his ways?" said Joan doubtfully. "If so, I've never met none of 'em."

"Nonsense!" said Eve contemptuously. "Why, you told me yourself that most of the girls cared for Jerrem more than they did for Adam, and by your manner I thought so did you."

"Well, I b'lieve I do sometimes, only that — But there!" she cried, breaking off impatiently, "'tis of no use talkin' nor tryin' to show the why nor wherefores, but unless I'm very much mistook 'fore you're many months older you'll find it out for yourself."

Eve gave a confident shake of her head: "If your head don't ache, Joan, till you see me running to Mr. Adam's beck and call you'll be pretty free from pain, I can tell you. I'm not at all one to be taken by a man's courting; and if I had been, you and me would never have met, for up to the last minute of my coming away somebody was begging and praying, and all but going on his knees to me, to keep me in London."

"And you wouldn't stay?" said Joan, immediately interested in the confidence.

Eve shook her head.

"Didn't 'ee care for un, then? Was that the reason of it?"

"Oh, I cared for him, and I care for

him now; and I don't think, for goodness and kindness to me, I shall ever meet his fellow anywhere. But somehow I couldn't love him, and the more he strove the more shut against him I seemed to get."

"H'm!" said Joan with surprised perplexity. "Still, I don't see, 'cos you couldn't like he, that that's to hinder 'ee from caring for Adam. Wan thing is certain, though," she added: "there's no fear if you shuts yourself against he of his striving over much. The boot's on the other leg with Adam."

Eve laughed: "There's no need of our wasting words on talking about what's so little like to happen; and if we're going out I think 'tis time to go. So I'll run up and put on my things: shall I?"

"Yes, do," said Joan, adding as Eve was turning from the table, "Was the wan who wanted 'ee to stop in London he you was telling me about before—Reuben May? Eh, Eve?"

"Oh, you mustn't ask no more questions," said Eve: "I'm not going to give any names."

"Come, you might so well," said Joan coaxingly. "I shouldn't tell nobody, and I always have a sort o' feelin' for they that places their love at the wrong door."

"To be left till called for," laughed Eve saucily.

"Oh, I can see that you are a hard-hearted one," said Joan as she pushed back her chair and rose from her seat. "I only wish," she sighed, "that I could be the same. I b'lieve things would ha' gone ever so much smoother than they have."

"Well, I haven't asked any questions," said Eve, "and I don't mean to, either. I shall wait till Jerrem comes home and I see you and him and Adam together: then I suppose it won't take long to tell who is Mr. Right."

"I don't know that," laughed Joan. "Wan thing is certain: 'twill purty soon be known who is Mr. Wrong: there'll be no mistakin' that. But that minds me 'bout the letter: don't let's forget to take un with us, and on our way I'll give it to Watty Cox, to take with'n to Looe tomorrow. We didn't put the seal to it, did we?"

"No: I had just gone up for it," and Eve felt in her pocket, and then began looking among the things on the table.

"What be looking for?" asked Joan: "there's the wax and the candle."

"I'm looking for the seal," said Eve. "I know I brought it down with me."

"Isn't it in your pocket? You didn't

show it to me: I never saw you with it."

"I'd just got it in my hand when you called up-stairs," said Eve; "and I remember I didn't wait even to put back the till of the box. I jumped up off my knees and ran down, and I'd got it in my hand then."

"Well, p'rhaps you took it up agen: run up and see."

Eve ran up, but in a few minutes she returned with the little box in her hand.

"I've turned everything upside down, and taken the things out one by one," she said, beginning to repeat the fruitless operation, "but there's no sign of the seal. Besides, I feel certain now that I laid it down 'pon the table."

"Lord!" exclaimed Joan, giving vent to a fear that had crossed both their minds, "that impident rascal of a sodger has never taken it, to be sure? But don't 'ee know I told 'ee I saw un danglin' a somethin' in his hand."

"Oh, Joan!"

"My dear, depend on it, that's where 'tis gone: so you may make your mind easy then. For goodness gracious' sake, don't 'ee tell Adam: he'd vow we'd bin up to some games with un, and the very sight of a sodger's coat drives un as mad as a bull."

"Oh, bother Adam!" said Eve in a vexed tone: "'tis losing the seal I care for. I wouldn't have parted with it for anything."

"Why, was it a keepsake from your poor mother?"

"No, not from her, but from a friend. I valued it very much."

"Did he give it to 'ee, Eve?"

"I don't know who you mean by *he*," said Eve, refusing to accept Joan's evident meaning; "but there's no secret as to the giver. 'Twas given me by the only friend"—and she laid unnecessary stress on the word—"I had in London."

"Reuben May?" put in Joan, filling up the slight pause which Eve had made.

"Yes, Reuben May. 'Twas he gave it to me."

"Was it his first gift?" asked Joan.

"His first and his last," said Eve smiling. "You forget that people there haven't got money to be so free with as they have here, Joan. Reuben was like mother and me—had to work for every penny he spent."

"What's his trade, then?"

"A watch and clockmaker," said Eve with becoming pride; "and very clever he is at it, too. Mother always said if



Reuben couldn't make anything go, 'twas no use anybody else trying. But there! he's the same with everything," added Eve, distance holding a magnifying-glass over Reuben's oft-despised superiority. "His reading's like listening to a sermon, and his writing's beautiful and like print, 'tis so easy to read; and as for knowing about things, I don't believe you could ask him a single question but he'd find an answer for it."

"And yet with all that you couldn't bring your mind to care for un? No, now,"—and Joan held up her hands to drive away all denial—" 'tis o' no manner o' use your sayin' 'No,' for I'm as certain that 'tis Reuben May you was speakin' of as if you was both standin' before me together."

"Oh, well, if that's the case there's no more good in me speaking," said Eve.

"Not a bit," answered Joan. "If you was to talk till to-morrow I should only think the same. Now, ain't I right?" she said, throwing back her head and looking at Eve with smiling entreaty.

"I'm not going to say 'Yes.'"

"Well, but you won't say 'No,'" persisted Joan.

Eve turned away.

"Ah!" cried Joan, clapping her hands, "I knew I was right from the moment you spoke his name. I felt a sort o' drawin' toward un; so p'raps, after all, things 'll come right between 'ee."

"They're quite as right as I want them to be," said Eve decisively.

"Oh, of course. When the love's all t'other side 'tis wonderful how contented folks can be. As for he, poor saw! I dare say his heart's too heavy for his body. Well, if it'll do un any good he's got my pity; and seemingly my luck too," she added with a sigh. "But here! come 'long—let's finish the letter, and as we haven't got a seal we'll make shift with a thimble. There!" and she surveyed the blot of red wax with eminent satisfaction: "that'll make it safe. Stop, though! I must drop a kiss," and down fell the wax again. "That's from me. Now, to make it fitty both sides alike, there's one from you."

"Oh, you silly thing!" exclaimed Eve. "You forget I don't know him, and he doesn't know me."

"Well, s'pose he don't, what o' that? 'Twill taste the sweeter. 'Sides, I shall tell un that anyways he's got the start o' Adam there, and had the first kiss after all."

"I declare I won't wait another mo-

ment," exclaimed Eve with feigned impatience. "If you don't come at once, Joan, I'll go without you. The afternoon will be gone before we've left the house."

## CHAPTER XII.

JOAN led the way toward Talland Lane, but before turning out of the green they were stopped by a voice calling "Joan! Joan Hocken, my dear! do 'ee want anythink to Plymouth or thereabouts?"

"Who is it?" said Joan, turning to catch sight of a comely, middle-aged woman who had just stepped out from one of the neighboring houses. "Oh, you, Jochabed?"

"Iss, my dear: I was just comin' your ways, 'cos if all goes well us starts by three to-morrow mornin', for we's got a tidy load this time."

"Who be 'ee goin' to, then?" asked Joan.

Jochabed cast a look of inquiry toward Eve, which Joan answered by saying, "All right; 'tis Uncle Zebedee's brother Andrew's daughter."

"Is it, sure? Ah, I heerd her'd a come. And how do 'ee find yerself, my dear?" she said, turning to Eve.

"Very well, thank you."

"Her likes the place, then?"

"Yes," answered Joan, "though what with wan thing and t'other us has bin all in an uproar since her's been here."

"Awh, sure," said the woman, "what a how-do-do they gentry kicked up this mornin'! I see 'em into your house makin' more free than welcome."

"Iss, that they did, and no mistake," laughed Joan.

"And what for ever they comes I can't think," continued Jochabed, "for they allays goes back the same, neither wiser nor heavier. I wish to goodness they dratted excisemen would learn a lesson from the same book."

"Nonsense! you ain't 'feared o' any o' they?" said Joan. "Why, you and Aunt Catarin 'ud take the shine out o' a dozen men o' they sorts."

"No, no, now, I dawns't say that," laughed Jochabed, who had a particularly musical voice; "and I'm sure, whatever folks says, they as knows me best can testify that 'tain't in me to lay a finger's weight on man, woman or cheeld 'less I'm fo'ced to it. And I was never more for p'ace and quietness than that very mornin' when us met a party, who shall be nameless, on Battern Cleaves; and more than that, up to the last I holds in his hand a little passel that I keeps by

me done up for anything sudden like. But no, he wouldn't let his fingers close 'pon it. 'Now,' I says, 'don't 'ee go standin' like the mayor o' Market Jew, in your own light;' but words were lost 'pon un. Have it he would, and have it he did; and they says he never stirred in his bed for days, which I can well credit, for my poor arms ached sore if his body didn't."

"There's a Trojan for 'ee, Eve!" exclaimed Joan, tapping Jochabed on the arm. "That's somethin' like bein' able to take yer own part, isn't it, for a woman to give a man—an exciseman, mind 'ee—such a drubbin' that's he's 'shamed to report he met her, and for fear it should get wind never informed against her, though he saw the sperrits. Didn't he, Jochabed?"

"Lor' bless 'ee! iss, my dear. What was to hinder un, when the skins was busted so that they dripped 'till the liquor ran like watter? Then that soaked through to the tay, and that gived way. You niver in all yer days saw such a set-out as 'twas; and I was a regular object too, but nothin' to he, poor sawl! Wa-al, I did feel for un, that's the truth: a man looks so foolish to be mauled by a woman, and his face a-scumbled all over. But whatever could I do? As I said to un, 'My children's mouths must be filled so well as yourn;' but 'tis no use to stop and bandy words with a man who thinks he's no need to take 'No' for an answer. But there! I'm keepin' you, my dears, and myself too," she added apologetically.

"No, you ain't," said Joan. "We'm only goin' so far as Ann Lisbeth's, and then down to Talland Bay, and back home by cliff for Eve to look at the say. Her's 'mazed 'bout the say," she added in an amused tone.

"Well, I never! Whether she be or no"—and Jochabed regarded Eve with increased interest—"tis a bootiful sight, surely; and though I was born and reared by it, as you may say, I was never tired o' lookin' at it, 'ceptin' 'twas when my baw, as was a man-o'-war's-man, was outward-bound: then I used to wish there'd never bin no say made."

"Then your husband is a sailor?" said Eve, by way of making a remark.

"Wa-al, no, not exactly, my dear: he's a sawyer, or, to speak more proper, he was. But he ain't nothing now. Dear sawl! he's in hebben, I hopes—a good dale better off than any o' we. Iss, for the drapsy took un off like the snuff of a candle, and he was gone in three weeks:

that's twenty years agone. When I married un you might ha' took a lease o' his life—not that I minded that then, for I didn't vally un not the snap o' my finger. My heart was set 'pon the man I told 'ee of."

"And how was it you didn't marry him, then?" asked Eve.

"Why, so I meant to, but as he was comin' from Fowey—for my folks lived to Lansallos then—out jumped a gang o' pressmen and carr's un off then and there. And if 't hadn't bin for Joshuay Balls us shouldn't niver ha' knawed for years what had comed of un; but it happened Joshuay was crooked down behind a hedge, and saw all of it from beginnin' to endin'. Awh, when they told me, I was like anybody 'mazed, I was; and no wonder neither, for there was my furniture got and my clothes ready, down to the very ring—iss, same wan I's got 'pon my finger now—and no man. Howsome-dever, I hadn't got long to wait for he, for the very next Monday—as that was on the Friday—up comes Sylvester Giles—he'd bin castin' sheep's eyes that way afore—and talks me over; so that 'fore the week was out I gived in and let un stand in t'other man's shoes. Awh, take my word for 't," she added with an assured nod of her head, "that, so far as wedlock goes, what is to be will be, for marriages is made in hebben, and can't be marred on earth; and the right Jack'll have his Jill, though 't 'as gone so far as another man buyin' for hisself the ring t'other two's to be wedded with."

"Lors! I wonder whether any man's a bought the ring that 'll marry me, then?" laughed Joan.

"There's a plenty 'ud be proud, and happy too, if so be you have 'em to buy 'ee wan for each o' your ten fingers," said Jochabed admiringly; "and no blame to 'em, neither, for, says Solomon the Wise, 'A good wife's a good prize;' and if they comes to me for a character I'll tell 'em they'll search the place round for fifty miles and more, but they won't find two Joan Hockens. And the longer you knows her, my dear," she said, turning to Eve, "the stronger you'll love her."

"I feel sure of that," replied Eve, taking the hand which Jochabed held out, for they had by this time reached a gateway into which she was about to turn.

"You han't got a bit the look o' the maidens hereabouts," continued Jochabed; "and yet your face don't seem strange. Her's like somebody 's I's a knawed. Who is it, Joan?"

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"I can't tell," said Joan, "less 'tis Adam you'm thinkin' of."

"You've a said it: that's who 'tis," said Jochabed decisively. "Wa-al, my dear, 'tain't speakin' ill o' nobody's face to feature 'em with Adam, is it? Only I says to you as I says to he, booty's only skin-deep, and han'som' is as han'som' does."

During these last words Jochabed had opened the gate and gone through: she now only waited to say, "Then you can't mind nothin' you want this time?" and to hear Joan's answer, before she turned down a narrow path leading to a field, at the farther end of which was an opening by which she could reach her cottage.

"How far is Plymouth?" asked Eve, as the two girls stood watching Jochabed's retreating figure.

"Twenty miles or so."

"And will she walk all that way?" asked Eve.

"Yes. Oh, 'tain't nothin' much of a walk, that," said Joan; "only she'll carry four skins o' sperrit and a good dollup o' tea."

"Skins of spirit! Why not put it in a bottle?"

"'Cos she carries it all about her," replied Joan. "You couldn't sling a parcel o' bottles about 'ee."

"Oh, then doesn't she have a basket?"

"Why, no, unless 'tis to put some trumpery in she makes out to be sellin' o', 'cos she don't want nobody to know what she's carryin', and they that buys from her buys on the sly. 'Tis all under the same flag, my dear—free trade and no dooty. But come on: we're close to Ann Lisbeth's now, though 'tis ten to one if we finds her at home, we've took such a time in comin'."

True enough, when they reached the cottage they found Mrs. Johns (Ann Lisbeth's mother, an invalid and through rheumatism always confined in-doors) alone. Ann Lisbeth had left an hour before to do some errands. She had gone down the steps by Mrs. Martin's house, through to the Warren, and by this means the friends had missed each other.

"How's she comin' back?" asked Joan.

Mrs. Johns did not well know: Ann Lisbeth had told her not to wait tea, as most like she should stop and take hers at her cousin's, Polly Taprail's.

"Oh, all right then," said Joan: "we're goin' there, so we shall all meet;" and after a little more gossip about the adventures of the morning, and how fortunate it was that they had not cleaned up the place, so that the littering mess the sol-

diers made tramping over everything was not of any consequence, the two girls took their departure, and continued their walk up the steep lane, stopping every now and again to pick a few of the blackberries which hung in tempting profusion. Above these stood bushes covered with scarlet hips, in and out of which twined the honeysuckle, with just here and there a late blossom standing sickly-looking and alone: these and the long trails of briony, gay with ruddy berries, proved sore temptations to Eve, who lagged behind gathering here and there, while Joan carried on her steady plunder of the blackberries.

"There!" she cried at length, "if I go on like this I sha'n't be able to eat a bit o' tay: so come on, Eve, do! I say," she added, picking her way across a tiny stream which spread over the path from a fern-sheltered basin into which a spring came dripping down, "take care, or our shoes and stockings won't be fit to be looked at."

"That's a pity for those that wear buckles," laughed Eve.

"Uncle gave 'em to me," said Joan, putting her feet together and surveying them with visible satisfaction: "they're rale silver. They was poor aunt's. He's got another pair put by for Adam's wife, he says. 'Tis much better he gave 'em to you; so I'll tell un."

"No, no, I don't want them," said Eve. "I like to see other people in such things, but I don't care for them at all for myself. Besides," she added with a touch of resentment rankling toward Adam, "I should be very sorry to deprive Adam's wife of anything."

"Nonsense!" laughed Joan. "Take all you can get: that's my maxim. And as for hoardin' up and layin' by for Adam's wife, who we never saw and perhaps may never come, is what I call folly, and so I tell uncle. Nobody 'ull thank un for it, and least of all, Adam."

"No, I shouldn't think he was overburdened with gratitude," said Eve sarcastically.

"I don't know that," said Joan; "but 'tis this with Adam ever since he was born: he's had all he wanted a'most fore he'd asked for it. Nobody's ever gainsaid un in a single thing. Aunt and uncle and my mother, and lots more, thinks his ditto was never made, till I b'lieve he's got it in his head that the world only goes round to please he and his fancies."

"And yet people don't seem so very fond of him," said Eve.

"No, they ain't: they're afeared of un, and that's the truth; and in wan way I don't wonder at it, neither, for he ain't content that you should know that he's better than yourself, but he must make 'ee feel it somehow."

"Indeed: I can't see that he's any better than other people," exclaimed Eve.

"Oh, but he is, though," said Joan.

"He knows more, is a better scholar, perhaps," continued Eve, "but —"

"That ain't all," interrupted Joan. "'Tis in other things 'sides scholarin'. He don't give way to drinkin', ain't mixed up with no cockfichtin', nor fightin' o' no sort: nothin' o' that's any pleasure to he. Then in the sharin', whether their faces or their backs is to un, 'tis all one to Adam: there's yourn, and that's hisn, and no more nor less is made of it."

"But that's only honest, Joan."

"Iss, I know that; still, he needn't make 'em feel like a pack o' chates 'cos one or two's happened now and then not to know t'other from which. He's terrible hard that way; once slip, and down you stay with Adam."

"Well, I don't like people who deceive and shuffle, myself," said Eve.

"Ah," said Joan, "some's as God made 'em, and t'other's as the devil finds 'em; but Adam acts as one who made hisself perfect, and can keep hisself the same."

"Of course that's going too far," said Eve. "Still, I think we've got a great deal in our own hands, you know, Joan, and I have not much patience with people who go wrong, for it always seems to me they might have helped it if they'd tried to. Mother and me used often to argue about that, for no matter how bad any one was, poor dear! she'd always find something to excuse them by."

"But I thought your mother was so religious?" said Joan with some surprise.

"So she was, but there's nothing against religion in that, Joan, is there?"

"Iss, my dear: 'tis a good deal against the religion I sees carried on here. If you was to ask my mother and they, her'd tell 'ee that o' Sundays, when the chapel-doors was shut, 'tis glory hallelujah to they inside, and fire and brimstone to whoever's out; though, somehow, I can't never bring my mind to b'lieve that's what the Bible means it to be."

"Why, of course not," said Eve: "you've only to read for yourself to know that. You've got a Bible, Joan, haven't you?"

"There's wan at home," said Joan evasively.

"Is there? Where? I don't think I've seen it."

"No, you haven't: 'tis kept locked up in the ches' o' drawers, 'long o' some o' poor aunt's things. She bought un afore Adam was born; so uncle don't like un read in, 'cos 'twould get thumb'd so: the bindin's beautiful, and 'tis as good as new. I don't s'pose it's been opened half-a-dozen times."

Eve was silent for a few minutes, and just as she was about to renew the conversation they came to a gate, which Joan opened and passed through, saying the path was now so narrow that they would have to walk in single file. This extremely narrow lane opened into a good-sized turnip-field, where Eve's attention was caught by a sight of the old manor-house with its arched doorways and granite-mullioned windows.

"That's Killigarth," said Joan. "Ain't it a ancient old place? How would 'ee like to live there, Eve, eh?"

"I'd rather live down by the sea," said Eve.

"Would 'ee, sure 'nuf? Awh, but that's a splendid place inside," continued Joan. "There's one room big enough to turn a coach-and-four inside, with Adam and Eve and all of 'em plastered up on the ceiling; and outside there's a hedge so high and so broad that you can walk four abreast atop of it out so far as a summer-house overlookin' the sea. There ain't much of the summer-house left now, but the hedge is there all right."

Such an unusual curiosity naturally occasioned some surprise, and Joan was still endeavoring to give satisfactory answers to Eve's numerous questions concerning it when they began to descend the steep hill leading down to Talland Bay.

"Ah!" exclaimed Eve, giving vent to a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction as the sweep of Talland Bay and beach came into sight, "this is the sort of view I like, Joan: I could stand looking at this forever."

"Well, better ask Arbell Thomas to let 'ee live with she. That's her house, down there: do 'ee see, close in by the limekilns?"

"And is that the church you go to?"

"Very seldom: whenever any of us goes to church, 'tis to Lansallos; leastwise, that's where we'm bound to go, 'cos we'm in Lansallos parish."

Eve gave a despairing shrug. "I shall never understand it," she said. "The place is all Polperro, isn't it?"

"Of course it is."

"Well, but yet you keep on calling it Talland and Lansallos."

"And for this reason," said Joan, stooping to rake together four or five loose stones. "Now look here. Suppose we say these stones is Polperro, now;" and she made a division with a clear space between the two heaps: "this we'll call the brook—that divides two parishes. All this side is Talland, and they must go to Talland church to be married and buried; all that side is Lansallos, and un must be married and buried in Lansallos church. Now do 'ee understand?"

Eve went over the explanation to herself: then she said, "Yes, I think I do understand now."

"All right, then. Before we go on I want to ask Arbell if she's got any ducks fit for killin', 'cos if so us'll have a couple."

"You don't want me for that, do you?" said Eve; "so while you go in there let me wait here, shall I?"

"Very well," said Joan. "Then don't come through the gate, 'cos we haven't got time to go no farther, and I won't be a minute or two 'fore I'm back agen." So saying, she pushed open the gate, let it swing behind her, and disappeared toward the cottage, leaving Eve to become more familiar with the scene around her.

A patchwork of fields spread out and ran down to the cliffs, which sloped toward a point where they overhung the sea and shadowed the little pebbly beach below. Not a tree was in sight, so that Eve's eyes wandered across the unbroken line of undulating land until they rested on the hillock-raised tower of the old gray church, beneath whose shelter lay the dead, whose plaintive dirge the sea seemed softly singing; and straightway a mist gathered before Eve and the eyes of her heart looked upon a lonely grave in a far-off city churchyard. Was it possible that little more than a week had passed since she stood bidding farewell to that loved spot? If so, time had no span, but must be measured by the events it chronicled. Only a week! yet her life seemed already bound up in fresh interests, her feelings and sympathies entangled in a host of new doubts and perplexities. Affections hitherto dormant had been aroused, emotions she had not dreamed of quickened. It was as if she had dropped into a place kept vacant for her, the surroundings of which were fast closing in, shutting out all beyond and obscuring all that had gone before; and at this thought the memory of her mother

was hugged closer to her heart, while the light link which bound her to Reuben May seemed turned into a fetter.

"He ought never to have taken such a promise from me," she said, with all the ungenerousness of one-sided love.

Then, after a few moments' pause, moved by some impulse, she ran across the green slope which hedged the cliff, and bent over; but the place where on the previous night she had stood with Adam was hidden from view, and, turning, she walked slowly back, wondering what could have made her wish to look at that particular spot.

Certainly not any feeling of love she had toward Adam, for the thought that Adam was the one who would not trust her stung her with a sharpness which made the desire for revenge come keen and the thought of it seem sweet. And out of her vivid imagination she swiftly conjured up an image of Adam humbled and enslaved; and as she stood still, enjoying her pictured triumph, the click of the gate recalled her wandering senses, and turning round she was met by Joan, who said, "Let's get back as quick as we can, for Arbell says one o' the boats is in, and one o' the Climos told her that word had come o' somebody havin' seen Jerrem."

"Oh, then what a pity we sent the letter!"

"Yes; I forgot all about that," said Joan. "But never mind: Watty can't have took it yet. So on our way home we'll call and tell un we wants the letter 'back agen: we needn't say for why, only that we've a changed our minds and there's no call to send un now."

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From The Saturday Review.

#### STREET DISCORDS.

It is clear that, until some alteration in the existing law has been effected, it is idle to suggest any fanciful schemes for relieving the inhabitants of London from their present distress. Either the organ-grinder must be abolished altogether or he must be placed under such restrictions in the exercise of his calling as will insure a measure of peace to those whom he now habitually torments. If street music is to be accepted as a necessary condition of national freedom, it might at least be possible to set aside certain hours in the day which should be wholly given up to the organ-grinder and his friends.



But in the nature of things there would seem to be no better reason for handing over our thoroughfares to barrel-organs than for appropriating them to the purposes of artillery practice. Those who have a fancy for such music could surely be asked to justify their tastes by a more liberal hospitality than they are at present disposed to display. There is no law against any householder's sheltering the organ-grinder within his gates. In a country like ours, where charitable societies are plentiful, a society for the encouragement of organ-grinding might easily be established, and prizes could be given for the highest exhibition either of skill or endurance. As an object of philanthropic effort the organ-grinders would, we feel assured, find a permanent place in our social system, and if the law does not quickly come to their rescue, we are convinced that many of those who now suffer most grievously from street music will be found among the most liberal subscribers to the institution. Let there be properly organized competitions in some remote spot in the suburbs, where all the amateurs of the barrel-organ can assemble to celebrate their hideous rites. Charitable persons might even be found to offer their houses for the purpose of periodical concerts, and thus the music that is now wasted in the street would be sure of finding a fit audience. But whether any such arrangement can be made or not, it is at any rate quite time to clear the public thoroughfare of an intolerable annoy-

ance. Street exhibitions which can exist without the accompaniment of noise would still avail to give life and animation to our cities. Punch and Judy, shorn of the attraction of the big drum, might remain to cultivate the dramatic instincts of the populace, and the man who balances potatoes upon his nose could pursue his calling without molestation. Indeed, the interests of native talent would clearly be advanced by the entire suppression of the organ-grinder and his instrument. If the revived ideas of protection are to be tolerated at all, they might certainly be applied without injustice to this particular form of industry, and a tax on street music would doubtless form a popular item in the next budget. We feel convinced that such an impost would be both more reasonable and more popular than Mr. Lowe's famous match-tax, for it would be the means of bringing peace to many tortured souls, and of restoring to foreign nations a vast amount of talent that has been too long in exile. The fatherland, completely drained of its brass bands, would then be enabled to welcome home a number of gifted artists, who must have suffered grievously in our terrible climate. Italy, in like manner, would claim as her own a whole regiment of masterly performers on the piano-organ; and the enfranchised citizens, with renewed courage, might then hope to wage successful war with such native enemies of peace and quiet as the bawling costermonger and the importunate muffin-man.

REJECTED MSS. — It is the most difficult thing in the world to know how an article will read from looking at it in MS., so difficult that even authors themselves, men of long and varied experience, men like Moore and Macaulay, could seldom form an opinion upon their own writings till they saw how they looked in print. And when that is the case with the author, how must it be with the publisher or his reader, and with the editor of a publication who has to make up his mind about the merits of half a dozen MSS. in the course of a morning! Yet, after all, I suspect that very few articles and very few books that are worth printing are lost to the world, for the competition among publishers for MSS. is only one degree less keen than the competition among authors for publishers, and an author who has anything worth printing is seldom long without a publisher. If men would only act upon Dr. Johnson's advice, and strike out of their articles everything that they think

particularly fine, we should hear a good deal less than we do at present of "rejected MSS." Any one can scribble — if he only knows how to spell; but writing is an art — one of the fine arts — and the men who have had the fewest MSS. returned are the men who have taken the greatest pains with their work: Macaulay, for instance, who wrote and re-wrote some of his essays, long as they are, three times over; Albany Fonblanque, the most brilliant and successful of English journalists, who wrote and re-wrote many of his articles in the *Examiner* newspaper six and seven times, till, like Boileau, he had sifted his article of everything but the choicest thoughts and expressions. Perhaps if all writers did this we should have shorter articles and fewer books; but more articles that now perish with a single reading might be worth reprinting, and more books might stand a chance of descending to posterity.

Belgravia.